

LIBRARY
OF
CODEXES

ASSASSIN'S CREED

UBISOFT



Assassin's Creed

by

Ubisoft

Assassin's Creed Collected Works

by

Library of Codexes

www.libraryofcodexes.com

© 2018 Library of Codexes

Assassin's Creed® and Ubisoft® are all trademarks or registered trademarks of Ubisoft in the United States and/or other countries. These terms and all related materials, logos, and images are copyright © Ubisoft. This ebook is in no way associated with or endorsed by Ubisoft®.

Enjoy our Work?

Consider supporting Library of Codexes' mission to create an archive of easily accessible in-game text.

Learn more at:

<https://www.patreon.com/thelibrarian>

<https://ko-fi.com/libraryofcodexes>

Abstergo Data

IM CONVERSATION

By

Unknown

- **anonymish_82 [15:24]:** Yeah, I've seen the face.
- **defact0r [15:24]:** And?
- **anonymish_82 [15:24]:** And what?
- **defact0r [15:24]:** Is it ours?
- **anonymish_82 [15:25]:** I highly doubt it. I mean, I hope not. Why would we do that? What do they take us for? Banksy?
- **defact0r [15:25]:** ...
- **anonymish_82 [15:27]:** Oh, right. Yes. The credits are going haywire, and our whole funding mechanism is about to go down the drain, but we're going to take time away from fixing it to edit a video with some face of- what is it anyway? Where have I seen this before?
- **defact0r [15:28]:** Where have you seen this??? Desmond... the vault... ring any bells?
- **anonymish_82 [15:28]:** Is it one of those THINGS?
- **defact0r [15:28]:** ?
- **anonymish_82 [15:29]:** Gods. Aliens. Ancient Beings. Whatever they are.
- **defact0r [15:29]:** Yeah, it looks like the vengeful one.
- **anonymish_82 [15:29]:** Greeaaaat. The conspiracy guys are going to have a field day with this one. Who put it there? What's anyone supposed to get out of this? Why bother?
- **defact0r [15:30]:** Maybe it's just Art.
- **anonymish_82 [15:30]:** Yes. That must be it. It's Art. Abstergo isn't so much sending us a message as they're sending us a "Message."
- **defact0r [15:30]:** I'll put the word out it's not us.
- **anonymish_82 [15:31]:** No wait. Don't. Let them think it's us. Nurture the mystery; it keeps things interesting.

- **defact0r [15:31]:** OK. Done. Mystery maintained.
- **anonymish_82 [15:31]:** Maybe just tell Phil. I don't want cops breaking down my door.
- **defact0r [15:32]:** Done again. Mystery downgraded. Are you sure about this? Working with THEM?
- **anonymish_82 [15:32]:** No, I'm not sure.
- **defact0r [15:32]:** OK... so... what exactly is going on with the credits? Abstergo figured it out?
- **anonymish_82 [15:32]:** No that's the problem. I don't think it's them.
- **defact0r [15:33]:** Then it's a hack?
- **anonymish_82 [15:33]:** Not that I can tell. It's like it's coming from inside the system. Like the virus is writing itself.
- **defact0r [15:34]:** the call is coming from inside the house! Riiiiight.
- **anonymish_82 [15:34]:** Look smartass, can you just get over here and help? No money, no "art projects." Need it fixed, pronto. Sarcasm? Not helping.
- **defact0r [15:35]:** omw

NEWSPAPER CUTTING - 11/20/13

By

Leni Horowitz

November 20, 2013

Bank Heist Baffles Cybercrime Experts

NEW YORK — A near-traceless bank heist that drained accounts of more than \$10 million has left investors panicked and police puzzled.

“The trouble is, the money doesn’t seem to have gone anywhere. It’s just missing,” said Captain Georg Perez of Lewis County. “It’s not unusual for these hacker criminals to use proxies and untraceable accounts, but this is different. The money doesn’t seem to have gone anywhere. It’s simply erased.”

The disappearance of more than \$10 million has some worrying what the impact will be on inflation. But for local investors, the consequences hit closer to home.

“That was my retirement savings,” said Rosie McFee, 64, speaking from her daughter’s home in Turin. “I don’t know what I’ll do.”

“I just don’t see how this can happen. It goes to show the problem is technology,” said Dean Briant, 51, of Osceola. “Technology was our first mistake. Scary stuff.”

“Whatever this is, it’s brilliant,” SUNY Potsdam computer science professor Tamila Sharpe said. “We don’t even have an entry point. It’s like it came from inside the system. It’s a fascinating case study – a Houdini heist.”

Investigators are mum on the identities of possible suspects, leading this reporter to wonder, do they even have any?

“We’ve turned the case over to the FBI. It’s out of our hands,” said Captain Perez.

- Leni Horowitz, Lewis County Inspector

NEWSPAPER CUTTING - 11/29/13

By

Collected Press

November 29, 2013

Dozens Arrested in Houdini Heist Bust

Toronto — More than a dozen arrests were made today in connection to the “Houdini Heist,” which last week robbed consumers in at least eight countries of over \$10 million dollars.

The arrests came after a tense nine-day investigation by international security agencies, led by the FBI with collaborations from CSIS.

Participating authorities had been tight-lipped about the investigation, leaving penniless victims searching for answers.

But a breakthrough came today when international conglomerate Abstergo Industries, reported recent disruptions to systems and customer records, leading to the arrest of 15 suspects, including two Canadians.

“At times like these, business as usual is not enough,” said senior executive Laetitia England. “We felt we had a moral imperative to share what we know.”

Although the personal identities of suspects brought in for questioning have not yet been released, the majority of are known members of so-called anti-corporate “hacktivist” collective, Erudito, whose members band together in a loose, Al-Qaeda like structure.

A spokeswoman for the FBI declined to comment on whether the incident

has ties to international terrorism, or when victims can expect their funds to return to their accounts, if ever.

-Collected Press

PHONE CALL TRANSCRIPT

By

Author: Laeticia England

- **Laeticia England:** Sir. You read my report?
- **Unknown:** I did. And you believe the threat is serious?
- **Laeticia England:** Absolutely serious. I know it's a lot to swallow but—
- **Unknown:** How can you be sure your source is credible?
- **Laeticia England:** Naturally, I'm not at liberty to reveal.
- **Unknown:** Of course not. That's not what I'm asking.
- **Laeticia England:** They're absolutely reliable. I know it is unusual. Provocative. But they'd have no reason to lie. In fact, I believe they'd take credit if they could.
- **Unknown:** If someone from that group— Erudito. The same one that defaced your campaigns, less than a year ago.
- **Laeticia England:** Admittedly, if that was the case, and I'm not saying it is, it would be that Erudito, yes. But I blame myself for that debacle. It's why I fired—
- **Unknown:** I am aware of your restructuring efforts. You're right to establish contact. If that's what you've done. To... forge a relationship. Keep them close.
- **Laeticia England:** That might be wording it too strongly. But the threat is potentially serious. And if they did have information, we would be wise to listen, whether we decide to believe it or not.
- **Unknown:** That is the question. "Electromagnetic interference" could mean anything. What leads you to believe it poses a security risk.
- **Laeticia England:** Only that we can't find the source. The reality is, no one knows who put this... face... there, or why.
- **Unknown:** There are ways to keep this under control. Have you considered... recruiting this source? I'm sure I don't need to remind you we have facilities to help them cooperate, at least until we understand

the nature of this threat.

- **Laetitia England:** I'll keep the possibility in mind. For now, I'd prefer not to grant them any exposure to our facilities. We can't risk any leaks.
- **Unknown:** I trust your judgment. You have my authorization to proceed.
- **Laetitia England:** Thank you, sir.

Email Thread

What happened here?

By

Melanie Lemay

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jean-François Brunet

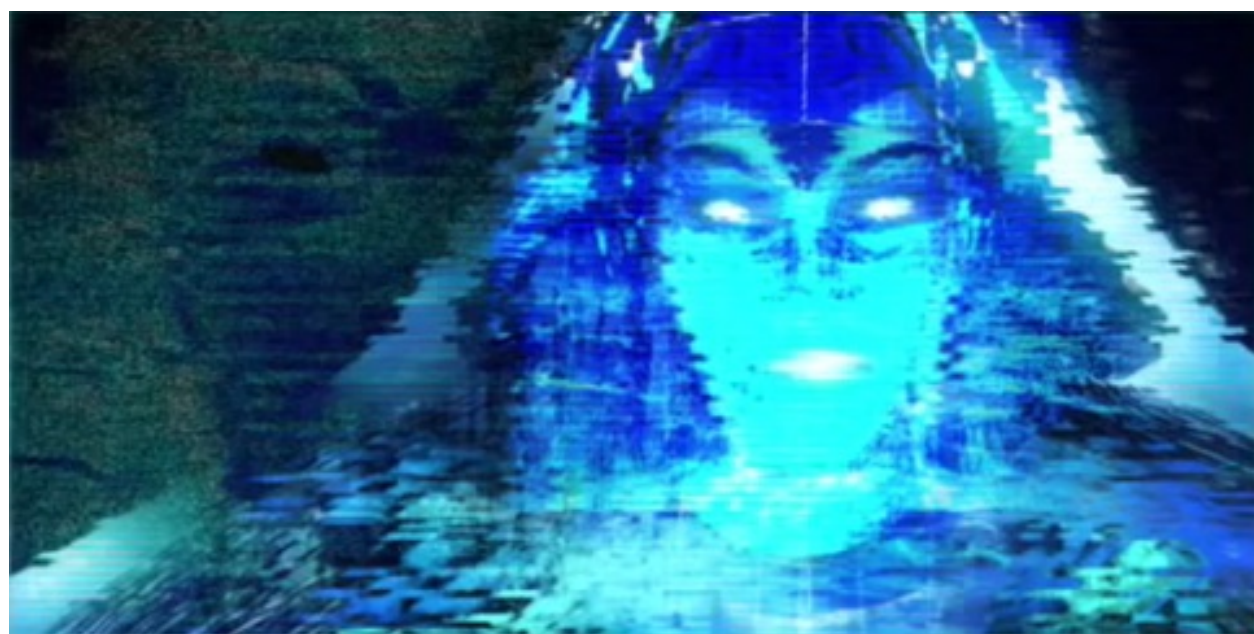
Date/Time: Wed, 2013-11-13 09:58

Subject: What happened here?

Attachment: ScreenShot1.jpg

JF, the Joey video is a MESS. What is going on here? How did this get out?
You know this is not the quality we ship.

-M



Re: What happened here?

By

Jean-François Brunet

From: Jean-François Brunet

To: Melanie Lemay

Date/Time: Wed, 2013-11-13 10:12

Subject: Re: What happened here?

Attachment: ScreenShot2.jpg

Mel, Mel, Mel...

It's a good thing we're friends or I might be offended. Let me refresh your memory. The attached screen is what my guys produced. It's clean. It's perfection.

Also, haha: you signed off on it. Remember? :) And I think the testers would have noticed a glitch like that. Lol. Someone needs a vacation...

Whatever this is, it happened after we went gold, so if you're looking for a scapegoat to hang, check with your buddies in publishing.

:(

- Your pal, JF

PS- Drinks later? Terasse weather is over but that doesn't mean we can't *try*. We're tough! Rawr! Arrrr! :o)



Glitchy weirdness.

By

Melanie Lemay

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Kristina Uhrich

Date/Time: Wed, 2013-11-13 11:21

Subject: Glitchy weirdness.

Attachment: ScreenShot1.jpg

Hi Kristina,

How are you? How was Costa Rica? Amazing? You have to tell me about it!!!

So, there's just one I need help with. See the screenshot attached? What do you think is going on there with all the distortion? We've checked our files and they're all clean. (Actually, I blamed JF and I think he hates me now. :-()

Please, please, please tell me we can still fix this.

- Mel



RE: Glitchy weirdness.

By

Kristina Uhrich

From: Kristina Uhrich

To: Melanie Lemay

Date/Time: Thurs, 2013-11-14 07:30

Subject: RE: Glitchy weirdness.

CC: Jean-François Brunet

Attachment: CreepyFaceWTF.jpg

Hi Mely (and JF!)

Whaaaat am I even looking at?

I don't want to alarm you, but I looked at the whole vid and egads, WHAT IS THAT SCREEN AT THE END? Is that a FACE? It is, isn't it? It's a face. But what is it doing there?

Costa Rica was great. And relaxing. But I'm already too stressed out to remember that! Look at that face! I can't decide if it's beautiful or terrifying. We definitely didn't put it there.

Who can we get to exorcise this piece of insanity? Know any priests?

- Kris

RE: RE: Glitchy weirdness.

By

Jean-François Brunet

From: Jean-François Brunet

To: Kristina Uhrich, Melanie Lemay

Date/Time: Thurs, 2013-11-14 10:04

Subject: RE: RE: Glitchy weirdness.

I vote terrifying. No, hot. No, definitely scary. I can't decide. Is this why I'm still single?

May I make a suggestion? Send it to Phil in security. She loves this kind of thing.

P.S: I could never hate you Mel. (Seriously, both of you: drinks soon?)

- Your pal, JF

RE: FWD: RE: RE: Glitchy weirdness.

By

Philipa Tran

From: Philipa Tran

To: Jean-François Brunet, Kristina Uhrich, Melanie Lemay

Date/Time: Thurs, 2013-11-14 14:00

Subject: RE: FWD: RE: RE: Glitchy weirdness.

I fear JF has oversold my sleuthing abilities. As far as I know, we don't have any phenomenon capable of causing this distortion pattern. (Or a face. You're sure this isn't a prank? Right JF???) It looks like electromagnetic radiation interference, like from a giant magnet... that can draw.

The video is already public, yes? Mind if I show it to some friends on the outside? They might have ideas.

- Phil

PS: I'll go for drinks with you, JF. Just bought new snowpants. Winter terrace ftw.

AE Emergency Manual

By

Unknown

Emergency Manual

Internal diagnostics have detected a malfunction in the building's operating systems. This emergency manual has been programmed to replace the message section of your communicator.

To ensure your personal safety, please keep your communicator with you at all times and refer to this manual as needed.

Abstergo Entertainment cares about the safety and well-being of all its valuable assets. Thank you for your patience and cooperation.

Abstergo Industries VIPs

On rare occasions VIPs from Abstergo Industries may be on site. They may impose on you certain requests for information or services that you feel may or may not fall under your jurisdiction or mandate.

Abstergo Industries VIPs are to be obeyed without question or hesitation. Failure to do so will result in disciplinary actions and possible termination.

Communicators

Your communicator is an essential part of your daily life at Abstergo Industries. It should be on your person at all times as it allows you access to various parts of the building.

Should you find a communicator anywhere in the building, we recommend that you collect it and identify its owner. While the owner will face consequences for losing it, it is a mistake they will only make once.

Computer Maintenance

In the case of network corruption, it is your duty as an Abstergo employee to safeguard not only your data, but the data of your friends and colleagues.

If you see a computer or workstation left unattended during an emergency, take a moment to restore it and make sure that its vulnerable contents are not easily accessible to unauthorized personnel.

The data is as important as you are.

Security

Please respect your Non Disclosure Agreement. Our work here is exciting and confidential. Security breaches will not be tolerated.

This past year has seen many leaks of internal information get out to the public. Do not speak about your work with fellow travelers on airplanes, for example. Do not engage the so-called entertainment media without a PR representative with you.

It is embarrassing to the company and threatening to your job security.

The Bunker

From time to time, you may wake up from an Animus session in unfamiliar surroundings. In such drastic cases, it is likely you are being investigated as a security risk, and we have placed you in the bunker for your protection while we run background checks on you.

If you have done nothing wrong, then you have nothing to worry about. Your release is sure to be forthcoming.

Dress Code

Hooded sweatshirts of any kind are not permitted within the building. If you see any individual wearing a hood of any kind, report them to security immediately. Should the weather be unpleasant, we strongly recommend the use of umbrellas.

Anyone displaying an overt fondness for the colour gray should also be treated with suspicion.

Bleeding Effect

Overexposure to the Animus may result in something called the “Bleeding Effect” where reality becomes indistinguishable from the genetic memories in which you immerse yourself daily. It is possible that the emergency or obstacle you are facing is not there in reality.

For example: If you see a fire, take steps to ensure the fire is real before you act. QUICKLY and carefully, touch the fire.

If the fire is real, remove your hand and proceed to the nearest exit in a calm and orderly manner.

If the fire was a hallucination, proceed to section 11.

Server Maintenance

Helix is the engine that powers Abstergo Entertainment. From time to time, it will be necessary to perform maintenance on the servers to ensure that business continues to run smoothly. We recommend that you take courses on server maintenance. Courses are offered every month, at no charge.

Should a server fail, you will emerge as a hero to your colleagues and superiors if you are able to restore the core segments that power our cloud servers.

Hackers

Abstergo's revolutionary Helix servers are an attractive target to many types of criminals and malcontents. It is important that you do your part to keep our cloud secure and report any anomalous behavior with your Animus workstation or any other Abstergo equipment in the building

Psychiatric Care

At times, the deadline of virtual feature development can feel overwhelming. Abstergo Entertainment has a variety of resources for you.

Refresh yourself with complimentary Herne+ energy drinks. Revitalize your body with personalized routines programmed into a Bodyband exercise bracelet.

Our in-house psychiatrist can prescribe you Midazolam and a stunning array of Abstergo pharmaceuticals to ease your mental anguish and delay the onset of the Bleeding Effect.

Animus Database

By

Unknown

Character Files

BLACKBEARD

Arrrr! That's what you want to hear right? Arrrr! Ahoy matey! Shiver me timbers! All that pirate drivel the tourists are always asking me to repeat. Bollocks. I shan't tell you the truth. You're not worth it. What would you do with it? I know what you'll write: "Arrr, said Blackbeard." "Said Blackbeard." Blackbeard never said no such thing. Go. Get that parrot out of my face.

LADY BLACK

I did not set out to avenge my father. I had my own mission, I was serving my own order. And I had long accepted his death. But when I saw the Assassin, when I heard her speak, it all came back. My childhood. How we were robbed of him. How her people took him. I had to act.

THE ADVENTURER

I had a daughter. I had more than one daughter. My children never knew each other. They could not even know of each other. This was my one mistake — not the children per se — I did love them; I tried to be a good father when I was there. But I allowed myself to become distracted from the

order, from my true purpose.

THE BUCCANEER

Look, I know what people assume. I know how I look. And it's true. I absolutely did leverage my size to the advantage of my employers. I was a protector. A body guard. Nothing more. I never sought violence. Never! I don't even like the word "pirate," mate. Buccaneer sounds more more distinguished. I don't care if it's old-fashioned. I don't care if no one does it that way anymore. It's who I am.

THE CUTTHROAT

"Adrien Flood?" "Flood?" Is that supposed to be a joke? On account of the length of my pants? Who told you that was my name? It was Kumi, wasn't it? That guy, I swear—I'm going to get him back for this... No! Don't write that down! Can we start over?... Well don't put anything. Just put Adrien- A-D-R-I-E-N. I'll tell you about the time I felled five men with just a single fart. Yes, fart. F-A-R-T... Well that's just your opinion... It's not because it's disgusting that it isn't true.

THE DANDY

Alfie Gardner? Who's that? Where'd you hear that? I don't know him. I am the Comte Alphonse de Marigot, of Martinique, and you will address me as such. I'm French, first of all. I don't know where you're getting this English rubbish. That other part is true though, about the theatre — the Comédie Française. I was there at its birth. It was a historic moment.

THE DUELIST

La Verdadera Destreza: Spanish swordsmanship. The true art, the ultimate marriage of geometry, reason, philosophy -. the highest education, our best

hope against Assassins. I dedicated my life to bringing it to the world, and I regret nothing. Well, almost nothing. Felicia... no... I cannot even speak of her now.

THE FIREBRAND

I will not speak to you of voodoo. I already know that is how you want to imagine me: gathering herbs and muttering incantations and drawing skulls and pretending to adapt your Christian saints to the image of the spirits of the Fon and the Ewe. No. Let us not speak of this. Let us speak of war. Of triumph. Of how I cannot be vanquished.

THE HUNTSMAN

To be honest, I'm never entirely sure which I prefer: the study or the outdoors. Both offer opportunity to expand the mind. One offers safety to the body, the other to the soul. I suppose I have been lucky to enjoy both in equal measure.

THE JAGUAR

I did not abandon my people! I protected them by meeting the encroachers before they could arrive on our soil. I also battled homesickness every day. I was not made for the sea. But I sensed the coming war and I fought to prevent it. I crossed many Assassins along the way, and I felled them all. I did not believe in their vision of the world. I did not see how it could ever protect us.

THE MERCENARY

I do not speak of my time as a slave, because I do not accept "slave" as my identity. They tried to make me a slave, but I never adopted that reality. I was always waiting... no... not to be rescued. For my chance. That chance came

and I did not hesitate. That became my identity: no hesitation, no surrender.

THE NAVIGATOR

My nemesis? Yes, Rhona. I fought her for years. Always, I was one step ahead. That's how it always is with Assassins - they're persistent, like gnats or bedbugs, but no more significant. Did I win? What do you think?

THE NIGHT STALKER

Whatever they say about me, it's probably true. Why not just run with that and leave me alone. Haven't you heard? I'm a monster? Driven by greed and bloodlust. That's all anyone really wants these days anyway, isn't it?

THE ORCHID

Of course, I had many lovers, but we're not here to talk about that today, are we? Why do you always want know that? Why do you not ask me about the battles I led? About the armies I brought to beg for mercy at my feet? The leagues I sailed? The treasure? I lived a free life. A glorious life. The life of a pirate queen.

THE PHYSICIAN

What do the history books say about me? That I was killed by that woman? That Assassin? Lies! It was I who slew her. I retrieved the artifact. I saw the future! I live on, and will never die. I brought the Assassins to their knees. So-called "History" is for men with no ambition, too weak to choose their own truth.

THE PUPPETEER

Renardo? I have forgiven him. In the end it was Lucia who meant the most anyway. Romance is one thing, but how can it compare to a great friendship? We were sisters in thievery once, Lucia and I. That was before we entered the order. Everything changed then. This, I regret.

THE REBEL

I remember the day they told me I would be married. I laughed. I cried. That night I climbed out of my window and never looked back. There is probably still a reward posted for my capture in Spain. Can you believe? When I think of my family, I picture them looking for me still, and I look at my scars and my pistol and I laugh. I laugh so hard.

THE WAYFARER

Are you sure I belong here? A simple coffee farmer among killers and sages? Mainly, coffee requires patience. Each plant takes four years to grow from seed to maturity. The flowers bloom on their own time too, and the fruit ripens unevenly. A farmer must watch, must wait, and observe, all the while shielding his crop from weather and pestilence. Then, only at the right moment, he picks but the ripest cherries. I approach all of my work this way.

Map Files

By

Unknown

LA HAVANA

The Cathedral Square, in La Havana, is a highly populated area in Cuba. As an established trade route between the New World and the Old World, La

Havana brought in much wealth and became a heavily fortified area to protect its treasure-laden ships. Although it has seen better times, La Havana continues to be a lively colorful place complete with multi-story buildings inspired by Spanish architecture and a bustling marketplace. The city is now a ship building center, and what remains of its wealthy quarters is a phenomenal sight to see.

PALENQUE

Unlike most of Southern Mexico's Palenque, the Expeditionary Camp has a very temporary feel to it. Rumored to be linked with the 'El Dorado' myth, the city, mostly in a state of ruin, overgrown with vegetation, is packed with explorers harboring a desire to excavate its tombs and temples. Canvas tents decorate the otherwise spars campgrounds, creating a close and friendly community for the island's many wanderers. But beware the warmer months! Palenque is frequently host to major tropical storms, giving the area a tense atmosphere and keeping its poor explorers forever on the move.

PORTOBELLO

Beyond the sweet taste of its tropical storms and through the thick morning mist stands the sleepy city of Portobelo, Panama. Once an administrative center for the excavation of both silver and gold, Portobelo was named for its demonstrative wealth and natural harbor. But even this beautiful port couldn't escape the early onset of plundering pirates. Using explosives to gain access to the city, the port quickly turned into a ship repair center, its old colonial fortifications used to protect their loot and cargo. This pirate headquarters is now notorious for gambling, heavy drinking and blood sports of all kinds. If you can see past the cockfighting and the loud cursing, you'll see this new way of life has given Mother Nature a chance to take back her land.

PRISON

Columbia's prison of Cartagena was originally built as a fort to defend the

stormy city's harbor from pirates. When they began to pose a real threat in the area, the fort was quickly converted into a prison, a way out impossible to find in the damp, dark hallways, with no end in sight. Cartagena Prison was unsegregated, holding criminals from all walks of life behind its great stone walls. Being locked together in large rooms for the most part, prisoners were encouraged to sort out their affairs among themselves, and were subject to abuse by the prison guards on a regular basis. Some say the torture chamber remains fully intact.

SABA ISLAND

Claiming to have found the island uninhabited, pirates took this stone city for their hideout in the early 17th century. Saba island, a cavernous volcano on the Caribbean Sea, soon became a hub for all kinds of castaways, proving to be the perfect location for a pirate lair. A city lit by fire, the island is well protected from Saba's frequent rainstorms, and strong enough to survive its rare hurricanes. The housing consists of stone ruins built into the cavern's walls, and all have spectacular view of the open seas. An overgrowth of vegetation, serene waterfalls and pockets of sunlight bring an unexpected beauty to the grunge-covered world of pirating. But beware the reverb: a colony of bots can even make a rum-filled swashbuckler shake in his boots.

SAINT-PIERRE

Martinique resides in the French region of the Caribbean coast. With low brush and tall fromager trees, this area proves ideal for sugarcane plantations. The lush, green landscape would remain undisturbed were it not for the occasional hurricane and the threatening rumble emitting from Mt. Pelée, the island's active volcano, which lies just north of the city. Aside from the mountain, the plantations' master houses act as the area's landmarks.

SANTA LUCIA

Once a place for small-scale fishing and pearl gathering, this fishing village,

in Santa Lucia, is now a resupply hub for most pirates. Although missing its peaceful nature, this place is lively, exotic, engulfed by the surrounding grandiose cliffs and eternal blue. The village grows on both land and sea, and long, rickety, wooden docks connect the seafarers to the townsfolk. By day, the town bustles, and the beach glows under the hot sun, and by night, pirates can be seen stumbling around the docks in the torchlight.

TAMPA BAY

Simplicity, comfort, and permanence: this is the way of Tampa Bay's Jesuit missionaries. With hope of converting the natives, this sandstone settlement was built by a handful of hardworking laborers. Massive stone walls keep the peaceful place cool in the sweltering heart of the day and warm in the right comfort in the surrounding barren landscape. In case of a massive dust storm or in the event of an attack, tunnels were built beneath the camp, although no trouble has breached the solid stone walls thus far. The missionary settlement is known for its gardens of serenity and impressive winery.

Bayek Notes

By

Layla Hassan

It worked!

It worked! I mean, the side effects suck, but my portable Animus is up and running! See what I did, Sofia?

So. I don't know how long I was in there, but it was long enough. But I think this, what was it again, Medjay (like a cop or sheriff? note to self: look this up, find a good description), Bayek, could be a member of this brotherhood of assassins, same as other subjects Abstergo has been studying.

List of things so far:

- The man is just about as stubborn as I am.
- He's good at talking to people, and fighting too.
- People see him as a protector and defender.
- His community admires and respects him.
- He's a shadow when it comes to not being seen.

Yeah, I guess he fits the profile in part, but I wonder. He's got the tortured soul thing down pat, hell-bent on vengeance and all that stuff. He's got his own thing going on. I could feel it as though it were me. Which I guess it was for a while. This is so weird. His feelings... so much anger, sadness and hate. So much guilt.

Anyway. I need more information.

Aya. I remember that name coming up. I remember the flutter in Bayek's stomach when he heard it. Maybe she's the answer.

Only one way to find out. Dee's gonna love this.

This is amazing

Wow. Good thing the animus comes loaded with beta-blockers or my head would be pounding. Dee keeps fussing over my numbers like a little old granny but holy shit, what a trip! It's like being on sand and history books!

Better start listing some details about these history dives before I babble on for three more pages. I could.

List stuff:

- The civil war between Cleopatra and Ptolemy XIII. Front row seats. Never was that much of a history bluff, but I'm starting to get it now! This is going to be something. And, gushing again. #sorrynotsorry
- A bit more seriously though, that hidden blade ritual. I remember some of that from the documents I technically never read at all, nope sir, not that little one... it all seems pretty related to Altaïr Ibn-La'Ahad and the whole blade of the assassin thing. I bet you that particular ritual the files described originated from the Egyptian one I just witnessed. Lived. Lived it!
- The Snake is dead. They think they killed everyone responsible for Khemu's death.
- Aya and Bayek. They're trying to move on from their son's death, but they're also totally into getting vengeance. The latter isn't gonna help with the former. Also, I can't help but think the sharks are gonna keep getting bigger.

Yeah, I'm just going to talk to myself out loud and gush some more.

Déjà vu, much?

Cleopatra. Polished and perfect and so in control. I don't like her. I get why people were so enraptured with her, she's got enough presence to stop a charging hippo in its tracks, but I just don't like her. Maybe it's because she reminds me of Sofia. I was so stupid and trusting, and she just –

Right. So. The past mirroring of real life issues aside...

- What kind of bad guys call themselves The Order? Could you be any more obvious enough? Ugh. Though, I gotta wonder. I wonder if they're still around today? (Note to self: look into this.)
- Aya and Bayek. Yeah, I don't think reuniting with Aya is going to be as simple as Bayek think. They love each other, that's obvious, but there's way more going on here...
- The feather ritual. I remember reading about that, the weighing of the heart, Anubis, and the Duat. Bayek is collecting Senu's feathers, trying to balance out his own sins. (Research note: Altaïr means eagle – wonder if it's related, or am I just reaching here?)
- Okay then. Last but not least, the four targets... I may not like Cleopatra, but damn, those rat bastards deserve what's coming to them. What they're doing – I mean, were doing. It was horrible. I'm kinda looking forward to seeing what happens to them. In a ghoulish, historical study sort of way.

Only I'm going to be living it. Yeah, definitely ghoulish. Good thing these notes of mine aren't part of any official Abstergo documentation. The shrinks would have a field day with them if I added them to my debriefs. I do not want to end up in a one on one with Otso Berg, thank you very much.

Keep going

All we wanted to do was try and help people. Work on something useful. Then... Dee. I can't – I can't stop now. Gotta keep moving, keep doing

something or else it'll be for nothing.

I need to get to the end of this fast. Abstergo's catches me and it's 1)lock me down for what I know, 2)wipe my brain and let me go, or 3)kill me. I'm guessing 1 or 3 at this point. What I've learned so far is enough to start my own damned lab, no way are they letting me get away.

I have to keep going. Focus on what I have learned so far...

- Bayek still hasn't found whoever actually murdered his son.
- But he's still dismantling the Order. Good for him. They have it coming.
- Along the way, Bayek and Aya have been saving a lot of people. Some of them even want to come on to help fight off that Order. It's smart, means they were all working together, not apart.
- I feel like a lot of the stuff I'm seeing is close to the Brotherhood, but the Medjay were public figures. Not sure where it all ties in yet.

I guess back then all you needed was a common cause and an eagle to get the word out and you could set up a revolution. Wish I had a – but no. Me... I'm on my own now, aren't I? Dee... like all those other people in my Gone Files. Dee is dead.

I'm going to keep digging. For Dee. I'm going to find out everything.

Breaking pieces

The damned headaches are getting harder to ignore. The nausea is worse, but if I stop pushing I know I'll miss something. I wish...

Bayek and Aya. They did all that work for Cleo, what do they get? Left with a target on their backs. Well, I know how they feel.

They're not going to take it lying down. And neither am I.

But alone? Even Bayek and Aya ended up founding an organization to fight the Order. The Brotherhood. They had tools. An eagle, a blade. And people sharing the same ideals, wanting to fight the big bad to protect the innocent. That's how the Creed came to be.

We all lost someone we loved..

I may no be at the lofty ideals point yet, but Dee didn't die for nothing. I'll make sure of that. I know a lot of Abstergo's secrets.

Guess we just found out what'll make me cooperate with others, eh Sofia? I'm done trying to proving myself. Now I just gotta find my own to fight with.

Somehow.

BReathe

God, my head hurts. It's so hard to type this it's ridiculous. I can baerly see the screen. Can't keep food down. Everythign hurts. Betcha Dee would have known what's up with all these wheite flashes I'm seeing. She'd have made sure I'm ok. I miss her.

Can't change thinsg. Deep breath. Focus.

Focus. Like all this crazy shit isn't absolutely insane? Those weird tombs Bayyek found. Supernatural powers? Am I halluciunating now? Is the Animus malfunctioning? No. It's not. My tech is working.

I... maybe there is more than I ever thought there was. To everything.

Type slow. Can do this.

- Those orbs. The Staff. Wonder if that's got anything to do with those messages Bayek found, with the recordings. (See: The Empirical Truth files)
- Need to figure out, there's something about 'em.

- A holographic orrery of Earth??? What are those dots? Locations? Artifacts? Are they all activated now? What does it all mean?
- Need to know more.

Need ot go back in.

Choices

I'd make fun of myself, Like I was watching some stupid soap opera, but I'm living this. I'm sad for Dee and for me and for them and it makes no sense.

Bayek and Aya are breaking up.

I'd yell and shout about but – I know what they're both feeling. This is shit. I literally lived both sides of the story.

Aya knew. I think she'd figured out something like this was going to happen since Khemu died. But Bayek. He really thought he could fix things. You can't fix your kid dying, Bayek. No one can fix that. Nothing can.

Aya's doing what she's chosen to do. Bayek's doing what he has to do. I wonder if this is the moment Abstergo was looking for. It's a lynchpin in time. I'm angry and sad, but this is it. This is why it all started.

An innocent died.

Here are some stupid notes, to go with all those stupid feelings:

- Aya is going to Rome. Brutus and Cassius are going to help her build up an organization there.
- She's going to take out Caesar and Septimius. They have it coming.
- An assassin bureau. It'll be founded in Rome. Becase of Aya's mission.
- They call themselves the Hidden Ones. Assassins. They're the Brotherhood. That's it.

I am so tired. This happened ages ago and I'm so so –

I miss you, Dee.

Emails

Author: Melanie Lemay

Animus combat sports

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jennifer Tam

Date/Time: 17 Sep 2014

Subject: Animus combat sports

Hey you!

Remember when you said you wanted to see MMA events through an Animus? IIRC, what you “actually” said was “I want a cage-side seat to bathe in their man sweat” :p

Well, I took the idea to heart, and we’re working with our partners at MySore Tech in India to remaster some traditional entertainment as virtual features. We’re going to have concerts and historical tourism, but I made sure we got some combat sports, just for you, my dear!

We’re going to have a series called “The Best of Tornado de Combate”, Brazil’s biggest promotion. Their CEO (find?) was a bit of a dick, but the Abstergo name carries a lot of weight, so that definitely helped us out :)

Volume 1 is going to include fighters like Guilherme Venancio, Arend Schut, and Luis Otavio Duris! Means nothing to me, but I hope you’re excited!

M.L.

Arno Dorian

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Robert Fraser

Date/Time: 18 Jun 2014

Subject: Arno Dorian

CC: Aidan St. Claire, Victoria Bibeau

Hi Robert,

You come highly recommended and I'm thrilled to have you in our studio. I'm putting you to work on a special project for me.

Your subject is Arno Dorian. His story takes place during the French Revolution! I want you to explore every avenue of his life that you can.

The goal is to have a new blockbuster to present to the Abstergo brass next year. As such, this is SUPER classified.

Your direct supervisor will be Aidan St. Claire (cc'ed) You can ONLY discuss the project with Aidan or myself. As you'll probably be logging some overtime in your Animus, I've added a mandatory weekly meeting with our psychiatrist Dr. Bibeau (cc'ed) to make sure you're not suffering from any Bleeding Effect.

Welcome to Abstergo Entertainment! Don't let me down. :)

M.L.

Aveline de Grandpre

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Kristina Uhrich

Date/Time: 01 Aug 2014

Subject: Aveline de Grandpre

I'd like to explore the possibility of a follow up to Liberation. We found footage of Aveline's activities in New England, and it seems clear that she was still very active later in life.

Ideally, I'd like a sequel to Liberation or some kind of follow up, but I understand that's going to take some resources that we don't have right now. A quick fix option is to re-use existing assets and take a more family-friendly angle on her story:

"From a scrappy servant to a woman of dignity and poise, experience the heartwarming 18th century take of a young Creole woman as she struggles to find her long-lost mother and heal the wounds of separation forever."

Additionally, "The Liberation of Lady Aveline" might open up some revenue from women, which is a demographic I think we have been ignoring for too long now.

M.L.

Cesare Borgia

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jean-Francois Brunet

Date/Time: 10 Aug 2014

Subject: Cesare Borgia

Hi,

After looking over the footage that you presented, I've decided that rather

than dedicate an entire feature to the loathsome Cesare Borgia, We'll use it to add some spice and conflict to the existing Rodrigo Borgia piece.

Cesare is just too much of an asshole to have his own show!

M.L.

Connor

From: Melanie Lemay

To: M.-O. Boudreault

Date/Time: 19 Jul 2014

Subject: Connor

Hi M-O!

I think we should focus on George Washington, rather than Connor.
“Washington and the Wolf” has a nice ring to it.

“Take part in the unlikely friendship between America’s most revered hero, General George Washington, and a sullen Mohawk native named Connor – a stirring tale of violence, revenge and betrayal set during the earliest years of the American Revolution.”

George Washington we can franchise. I don’t know that we’d get more than one feature out of Connor. Plus, don’t even get me started on his wife or the way he died. What a mess.

M.L.

Conspiracies

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Evan Dean

Date/Time: 29 Sep 2014

Subject: Conspiracies

Hi Evan,

I want to diversify our programming a bit and attract a big of sic the fringe element in terms of customer base.

With that in mind, I thought a new series focused on crazy conspiracy shit might be right up your alley.

A few subjects to focus on:

Hermetecists

The Lost Civilization of Lemuria

Miracles in the Bible

Planetary consciousness

The Singularity

I'd like to see if we can get some big time celebrities to narrate these things. Now, at first glance, they'll probably balk at the subject matter, but I bet if we feed them the script in chunks that are out of order, we can easily manipulate them into thinking they are participating in a proper science documentary.

Go nuts!

M.L.

Dvija A.I.

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Ajay Rana

Date/Time: 24 Aug 2014

Subject: Dvija A.I.

Hello Ajay!

It looks like we'll be able to use Animus tech to create a digital version of Monima Das to finish production of Dvija A.I.

My condolences again to your resilient cast and crew. If nothing else, we'll be able to give Monima the glamorous send-off she deserves!

When it's done, I'd like to talk about using MySore Techsic to remaster other traditional forms of entertainment (concerts or sporting events, for example) into fully immersive Animus experiences.

Best, M.L.

Edward Kenway

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Christopher Darby

Date/Time: 27 Jul 2014

Subject: Edward Kenway

We have Devils of the Caribbean taken from his genetic memories. But I think we can do more. Is there a way we can spin a cautionary tale around his actual life?

Alternatively, do we know anything about his life once he returned to England? I know his family had a big mansion in London somewhere. Is it still standing?

I don't want to give the impression that the studio is just reusing the same genetic memories over and over, so while I want to recycle assets to save money, the experience has to be totally fresh.

M.L.

Ezio Auditore

From: Melanie Lemay

To: M.-O. Boudreault

Date/Time: 16 Jul 2014

Subject: Ezio Auditore

Hi M-O!

I agree that Ezio's shady character makes him unsuitable for a leading role. So maybe we can take him out altogether and create a virtual tourism feature?

Something like: "Travel to the Italian Renaissance for a taste of wine, free thought, and filthy hearts as Abstergo Entertainment shows you the true meaning of enlightenment. Attend wild parties, witness spectacles unseen for 500 years, and rub elbows with the most famous nerd the world has ever known, Leonardo da Vinci."

I'm also considering a series focusing on some notable serial killers of history, Ezio certainly qualifies. Anyways, have a think and let me know what you come up with!

M.L.

Fiora Cavazza

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Philippe Chartrand

Date/Time: 01 Sep 2014

Subject: Fiora Cavazza

Hey Philippe,

You're getting great data from Fiora Cavazza, but I just want to chime in now, and say that I don't want to focus too much on her early life as a courtesan in the Rosa in Fiore. Rather, I want to focus on the intrigue and tension when she betrays her gang.

I cannot stress enough how much I do not want Fiora to be perceived as a over-sexualized object, but rather as a cunning spy, who has to make difficult choices to overcome life-threatening obstacles.

I'm going to be on your ass about this, to always err on the side of good taste!

I believe in you!

M.L.

Giovanni Borgia

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Philippe Chartrand

Date/Time: 21 Aug 2014

Subject: Giovanni Borgia

So, if I'm reading your reports properly, you're saying that Giovanni Borgia was born deformed, miraculously survived, but frequently hallucinated about past lives and associated with some of the biggest occultists of the Renaissance?

That's AMAZING!

Out last supernatural movie, "They Walk Among Us" was met with really mediocre reviews.

If we can use these genetic memories to start a new occult thriller franchise, we might be able to win back some of those disgruntled fans!

M.L.

Haytham Kenway

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jean-Francois Brunet

Date/Time: 21 Jul 2014

Subject: Haytham Kenway

Just to keep you in the loop. I heard back from editorial this morning. The story itself is untouched, but this is going to be the menu text for the Haytham Kenway feature:

"Devoted patriot, celebrated scholar, loving father. Exclusive to Helix, witness the rise and martyrdom of one of the American Revolution's least known heroes. A Helix exclusive!"

I think it fits perfectly with the title you've chosen, "The Lone Eagle". Haytham's going to appeal to a wide audience, and his story is going to definitely going to give people a bad case of "THE FEELS" as those internet kids like to say.

Oh my God I'm old, aren't I?

M.L.

History's Hitmen Altair

From: Melanie Lemay

To: M.-O. Boudreault

Date/Time: 09 Jul 2014

Subject: History's Hitmen Altair

Hi M-O!

I understand your concerns, given that we already have passed on several of these historical figures in previous market analyses. Having said that, I think we can use a lot of this data to present these people not as fictional action heroes, but as the focus of historical documentaries.

After a few iterations, we've come up with this as our best angle:

“Amid the chaos of the Crusades, one man's moral transgressions tower above all others. Experience firsthand what it means to be a remorseless killing machine in an age of philosophical turmoil.”

These could be in a series, something like “History's Hitmen?” haha, that's turbo lame, but you get the idea. Or they could be standalone. Maybe this one can be “Murder in the Levant” or something like that.

We're going to commission a few features using these controversial figures for Helix's launch. Let's see how they do and then we'll discuss continuing the series or trying something else.

Thanks for your honest feedback, it's always appreciated!

M.L.

Kyros of Zarax

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Philippe Chartrand

Date/Time: 10 Sep 2014

Subject: Kyros of Zarax

I thought the fad would die out, but big budget historical epics are still a thing. I think it's time Abstergo Entertainment showed everyone how it's really done.

A quick glance through some DDS files brought up the name Kyros of Zarax. He was a renowned athlete, but also studied with Pythagoras. That's a well-educated slice of beefcake right there.

M.L.

Laureano Torres

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jean-Francois Brunet

Date/Time: 17 Aug 2014

Subject: Laureano Torres

I don't know how to say this politely, so please don't think this is anything personal or a reflection of you or your work. You're a star!

But.

I think doing an entire virtual feature about Laureano Torres is the single most boring pitch that's ever come across my desk.

Sorry! :(

M.L.

Nikolai Orelov

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Kloe Lesney

Date/Time: 08 Sep 2014

Subject: Nikolai Orelov

I like this take a lot!

“A psychotic Russian terrorist meddles in the affairs of a once proud monarchy. Now, for the first time in history, learn the truth about Russia’s swift and brutal descent in to anarchy and chaos at the genesis of the 20th century.”

I am not sure about “White Death” as a name though. “Radical Reds?” “The Fall?” Haha, I suck at naming, but I think we need to sit down and hammer out a final title

Coffee soon?

M.L.

Robert de Sable

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jean-Francois Brunet

Date/Time: 04 Aug 2014

Subject: Robert de Sable

I am starting to have second thoughts about doing a feature on Robert de Sable. While he was a good leader, I just don't know if there's anything about a knight that fought and died during the Crusades that makes him stand out.

I'm wondering if we can leave him aside for now, and focus on Madeleine de L'Isle? A successful business woman in pre-colonial Louisiana is more of a feel-good success story.

M.L.

Shao Jun

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Kama Neron

Date/Time: 25 Aug 2014

Subject: Shao Jun

We first got a glimpse of Shao Jun while in the Ezio Auditore section of Sample 17. With so much demand for "Strong Female Characters" right now, do you think we can focus some R&D into finding her genetic material?

There is some evidence connecting her to the Jiajing Emperor. Who by all historical accounts, was a cruel jackass. Great villain potential. If memory serves, I think there was also a Mongol invasion around that time!

There's a lot of potential for a great new action franchise!

M.L.

The Tragedy of Jacques de Molay

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jean-Francois Brunet

Date/Time: 07 Jul 2014

Subject: The Tragedy of Jacques de Molay

Hey, I just read the final text for the first episode:

“Last of the heroic Knights Templar, Jacques de Molay was a man of principle, a towering intellect betrayed by the man he trusted most – the corrupt King of France.”

LOVE IT. And I think our users are going to love it too! This is going to be the crown jewel of our Helix launch in the fall!

Great job everyone!

M.L.

Triumph of the Borgias

From: Melanie Lemay

To: Jean-Francois Brunet

Date/Time: 05 Aug 2014

Subject: Triumph of the Borgias

I think focusing on his dysfunctional life is the wrong track to take. I’ve modified your initial pitch, and I would suggest going for something like this:

“Rodrigo Borgia’s quest to reform the irrational excesses and corruptions of the Catholic Church from its highest office – the Papacy. Experience firsthand his rise, his reforms, and his untimely death.”

The program itself is top notch, though. Great work! Give my best to your team! :)

M.L.

Lost Files

By

Unknown

Alonzo Batilla - The young wolf

Search warrant

The criminal Alonzo Batilla has still not been found. We believe he left Toulon under a false name, on board one of Admiral Cassard's ships. Since he has not returned from our victorious expedition in the English territories in the Caribbean, he must still be in the West Indies...

Sailor's note

I fought with him during the battles at Montserrat and Antigua. He was known under a different name – Jean I think – but one night we got drunk and he told me his real name was Alonzo. He was a fierce man, always the first to jump into a fight, and an expert shot. I saw him take down half a dozen men once...

Admiral's report

The total plunder of this successful expedition amounts to ten million pounds. The men have been satisfactory in service, yet some are barely civilized. They will surely go back to their depraved lifestyles once our ships return to France. Killing and plundering is all they know...

Ship log

We suffered an assault from the shabbiest bunch of seamen ever encountered, five pirates so ill-equipped they would barely have been a threat if not for their thirst for blood. All were killed, but their leader – a vicious man – I have put in irons. He has to be hanged, to set an example for his kind.

Mother's letter

Alonzo, I don't know if you'll ever read this letter. I'm sending it with a friend who leaves for the West Indies tomorrow. God knows if he'll be able to find you, but if he does, please return home. Mother is ill and she asks about you every day. Sometimes, she talks to you in her sleep...

Navy report

It has come to our attention that the buccaneer Alonzo Batilla has become a growing threat to peaceful commerce in our territories. This pirate has looted immense quantities of gold and become a known accomplice of Samuel Bellamy and Olivier Levasseur. If you encounter him, shoot him on sight.

Aaminah - The liberator

Letter to mother 1

Mother. You cannot read the words I write, but writing them down makes me feel I am talking to you. I do not know why they took us. I only know they will never keep us. I will escape, mother. I will find a ship and return home. I am not one to accept my fate. I will fight, I promise. I love you, mother.

Letter to mother 2

Mother. I know the ship will arrive soon. They are going to sell us, like animals, in a market. People will bid and we will be sold to a man they will want us to call master. I have no master, mother. Not even father was my master, and I will not let them do it. Tonight, we will fight...

Slaver log

The young girl named Aaminah has been identified as the mastermind behind the rebellion on our ship. She has been harshly disciplined, but I have refused to put her to death for the important loss of profit this will produce. This girl will fetch a nice coin in the Kingston market...

Official warning

Many slavers have been attacked and their cargo stolen. Pirates are notorious for attacking merchant ships, but very few have actively participated in the trading of humans. This present issue will surely be soon resolved by the Royal Navy, but until then, caution is recommended...

Navy report 1

A handful of liberated slaves have been caught on the northern shores of Cuba. They all spin a tale of a mysterious pirate ship whose captain obeys the order of an African goddess who strikes terror in the hearts of all slavers. The identity of this woman is yet to be established...

Navy report 2

More than two dozen slavers have been attacked or sunk in the past few months. This intense disruption of our trade is already creating difficulties in Jamaica and Port-au-Prince, where the slave markets had to be closed several weeks in a row for the lack of new merchandise.

Benjamin Hornigold - The pioneer

Hornigold's journal

During the War of Spanish Succession, New Providence was repeatedly sacked by Spanish and French forces. Not only did they destroy the town, take its riches and steal the slaves that worked there, they also drove the population away or into the woods. In the aftermath of the conflict, most of Nassau's inhabitants left the islands of the Bahamas in a wild and decrepit condition...

Navy report

It is now widely believed that the pirate captain and leader Benjamin Hornigold first landed on the shores of Nassau sometime during the summer of the year of our Lord 1713. At the time, the island was almost completely abandoned and left ungoverned by the Crown. Hornigold quickly turned the decaying colony around. With his crew of pirates, he recruited more men and embarked on large periaguas to hunt for commercial ships...

Intelligence report

The population of the ever-growing pirate town of Nassau is now in the hundreds. Hornigold's budding colony has expanded into a full-fledged operation with commercial ramifications all across the West Indies. We now believe Hornigold's gang is the largest and most uniformly united band of outlaws the region has ever seen. They all obey the same codes and plan their attacks in the same fashion...

List of pirates

This is a non-exhaustive list of all the pirate captains currently operating in Nassau: Benjamin Hornigold, Edward Thatch, John Martel, Christopher Winter, Christopher Condent, James Fife, Nicholas Brown, Alonzo Batilla, Paul Williams, Olivier La Bouche, Edward England, Major Penner, Thomas Cocklyn, Charles Vane, Edward Kenway, Stede Bonnet, Howell Davis, Jack Rackham, and Anne Bonny.

Bellamy and Hornigold

After stealing Jennings' bounty, Samuel Bellamy and Paulsgrave Williams caught up with Hornigold west of Cuba. Their intention was to sail with his fleet and exploit the enmity between Hornigold and Jennings to claim Hornigold's protection. Bellamy must have made quite an impression. Upon meeting him, Hornigold made him captain of the newly captured *Marianne*, thus creating one of the most successful pirate crews ever to sail the seas.

Hornigold's proclamation

Ever since he took control of the beaches of Nassau, the pirate captain Benjamin Hornigold has enforced a set of rules that all pirates under his command have adopted as an unbreakable code. The most controversial of the rules is an absolute ban on attacking and plundering British ships. Hornigold may have become a soulless buccaneer, but he remains a loyal servant of the Crown...

Blackbeard - Bounty galore

Captain Bishop's diary

My sea voyage from Havana to New York has been cut short by a pirate attack. Even though my sloop does not transport any valuable merchandise, our cargo of flour has been seized in its entirety, all 120 barrels, by a strange association of buccaneers. One was tall, elegant, and seemed quite harmless while the other made a point of scaring every living soul on my ship...

A report on Carolina's predicament

Several pirates have ventured in the coastal regions of the Carolinas for the safe haven they offer. Not only is the region naturally welcoming to pirates, with its myriad of coves and hidden inlets, but the governor, Charles Eden, is rumored to have authorized pirate activity in exchange for a share of their bounty...

Royal Navy intelligence

The activity of the pirate captain Edward Thatch, recently nicknamed Blackbeard, has come to our attention. Along with the other pirates, he has secured a strong hold on Nassau and now controls major sea lanes, from Jamaica to New York. He is also gathering intelligence from sailors and rogue merchants located in Harbour Island and all over the West Indies...

HMS Shoreham ship log

With plague raging and heavy damage to the ship, I have no choice but to remain in the Chesapeake Bay for the time being. Given the morale and

health of my crew, and the repairs needed to restore the fighting capabilities of my vessel, I cannot afford a direct confrontation with the pirate ships currently roaming the region. The total destruction of the HMS *Shoreham* will be of no use to the Crown.

Newspaper article

It is becoming more and more apparent that an increasing number of Nassau pirates are voicing their indefectible support to the would be Stuart pretender, James III, currently in exile in France. The Nassau republic is even rumored to have established strong bonds with Jacobite factions in England in order to secure juicy privateer contracts once King George is overthrown...

Public warning

The capture and imminent execution of nine pirates from Sam Bellamy's crew has infuriated the brethren of the coast. Rumors have been circulating that a pirate expedition is currently forming to break the captives from their Boston prison. What has the empire come to when a bunch of ragtag ill-disciplined ruffians have grown so bold as to contest the King's authority and defile all symbols of his rule and power?

Charles Vane - The wild man

The hurricane

On the 28th of August of the year 1712, a terrible hurricane struck the town of Port Royal and provoked a catastrophe on a biblical scale. More than fifty ships were moored in the harbor when the storm hit. As twenty foot waves started tearing through the ships and hellish winds leveled the town, more than a thousand sailors and slaves perished. It is believed that young privateer Charles Vane was one of the survivors...

Anonymous letter

Three years after the hurricane devastated Port Royal, Charles Vane was still haunting the docks in search of employment. He was finally noticed by

Henry Jennings, who had been commissioned to captain the *Barsheba*, an eight gun and eighty man vessel that was to become part of Governor Hamilton's privateer fleet. As they were about to set sail, troubling news spread through the town: the Spanish Treasure Fleet had been caught in a storm...

Admiral Don Francisco Salmon's journal

We awoke to the sound of drums. The men got to their feet and formed up ranks behind the sand embankment erected to defend our camp. Three company were marching at a steady pace, each one led by a drummer and a flag bearer. 150 men, three time our numbers. Privateers, ruffians and pirates excited by the smell of blood and gold. I came to meet them but was soon forced to reveal the locations of the wrecks...

Henry Jennings' mad dog

Henry Jennings has gathered the most dreadful and cruel group of pirates in the West Indies. His privateer fleet commissioned by the corrupt governor Hamilton is now a barbarian horde unleashed on the Treasure Fleet's wrecks. We have identified one particularly savage and vicious individual among them. An Englishman called Charles Vane. On many occasions, he has assumed the role of leader and provoked the most deadly behavior...

The plunder of St. Marie

After the capture of *St. Marie* and Bellamy's treacherous thievery of its most prized plunder, the ship was once again looted in the harbor of New Providence. While Jennings was whoring and drinking ashore, a group of pirates led by Charles Vane boarded the ship and claimed a large share of the remaining loot. They divided it up on the beach of Hog Island before sailing for the Spanish wrecks...

A new threat

As of June of the year of our lord 1717, many pirate crews have gathered in Nassau under the banner of the self-proclaimed pirate Republic. Even tough captains Hornigold and Jennings appear to be the leading authorities, other

pirates have gathered power and influence among the ever-growing population. Charles Vane seems to be the most uncompromising of the bunch. He is cruel, indomitable and irremediably greedy...

Christopher Condent - The ambitious

Navy report

The recent activity observed in Nassau sector is bringing most worrisome news. A new breed of pirate is slowly emerging from the makeshift Republic and barbaric social structure at work in these parts. These pirates are ambitious, greedy men turned from the righteous path by the economical prospects of plunder...

Jumao - The quartermaster

Plantation log

Suspicious natives were spotted north of our plantation a few days after the slaves escaped. A party searched the area, but no-one was found. We advise all planters to be most vigilant. The escaped slaves are armed and extremely violent. One in particular has already killed men...

Navy report 1

The HMS *Seaford* has patrolled the coasts for a week now and there still is no sign of the murderous slaves who escaped the Durant plantation. We are convinced the men led the party into a trap and buried the bodies before returning inland and embarking on the South Coast...

Navy report 2

One of the escaped slaves was found last week, hidden in a basement, half

crazy with starvation his hands and teeth bloody with rat guts. A diligent interrogation was conducted by Captain Rothell, but the man refused to answer any questions, and died shortly thereafter. His body was burned...

Intelligence report 1

Our investigation has finally led to conclusive information. The leader of the escaped slaves is a man named Jumao, a native from Isla de la Juventud who was forced into slavery at the age of 8, along with his brothers and mother. A search for living relatives will surely bring more answers...

Intelligence report 2

The family of the murdered plantation owner has offered a ransom of 100,000 gold coins to the men who bring them the head of the escaped slave Jumao. The man's whereabouts are currently unknown, but intensified pirate activity has been reported north of Hispanolia...

Navy report 3

The escaped slave named Jumao has finally been found, yet his capture will be a very risky operation. He is the quartermaster of a pirate crew captained by Alonzo Batilla, a buccaneer sailing with Olivier Levasseur and Samuel Bellamy. Captain Francis Hume has been detailed to hunt them down...

La Buse - The legend

Lover's letter

My love. Since I last saw you, my life has been a pitiful plunge into the depths of despair. You have bathed my existence in such charm and mystery that I cannot any longer fathom living without you by my side. I will leave Charles tomorrow, journey to Kingston, and wait for your arrival.

Navy report 1

Olivier Levasseur, also known as La Buse or La Bouche is an established

French buccaneer sailing on the dreaded armed sloop *Le Postillon*. Responsible for multiple acts of piracy against our Navy, he needs to be apprehended at all costs. But be warned, this man cunning and dangerous...

Navy report 2

Ben Hornigold and Olivier Levasseur have become the most unlikely of allies. Despite a crew predominantly composed of French sailors and emancipated slaves, Levasseur has not stirred any trouble in Hornigold's squadron. Someone must have forced Hornigold's hand, but who?

La Buse's journal 1

I wonder where I'll go when I am done with this place? Back home, to France, where my family is gone and my face forgotten? Or find some new territory where no-one knows me? I wonder what would be the best course of action... this day is not upon me yet, but I know I won't grow old in these islands...

La Buse's journal 2

Alonzo has proved to be the boldest of captains, but Sam has changed these past months. He used to be carefree, but now he acts like a man on a mission. What is he after that he cannot share with us? Who is he working for? Will he betray us and keep all our glorious plunder to himself?

La Buse's journal 3

I have found the best way to keep my bounty hidden from greedy eyes. An alphabet, a set of symbols and icons no-one will be able to decipher. And even if they do, they won't understand what it all means. I only need one mind to figure it out. One man that I could fully trust with my best secrets...

Samuel Bellamy - The Leader

Navy report 1

A new menace has appeared, one that we must treat with the utmost concern. He is a brash Englishman, now nicknamed the Prince of Pirates – Samuel Bellamy, also known as Black Sam. His rise in the pirate hierarchy has been most impressive, after betraying Henry Jennings and obtaining his first command...

Hume's report

My duty aboard the HMS *Scarborough* has just started, yet I already know the names of the men I am to chase. Olivier Levasseur, Samuel Bellamy and a new captain named Alonzo Batilla. Their intense activity in the past months has disrupted our trade routes and cost the crown thousands of pounds...

Navy report 2

It has come to our attention that Benjamin Hornigold, captain of the sloop-of-war *Benjamin*, has been deposed from his pirate captaincy, his sympathy for the crown judged as an act of cowardice by his crew. Hornigold's whereabouts are currently unknown but we are convinced he will soon resurface.

Strange letter

Sam. I hope you get this letter. If you do, trust the man who brings it to you, for he is a person of merit and valor who will surely help you in your endeavors. We still lack information on the nature of the artifact we are after, but reports from Africa are expected in the coming weeks...

Bellamy's journal 1

I am getting very tired of playing this part. The clothes I wear, the flourish with which I speak. This Prince of Pirates is but a pathetic fake, a bawdy actor without flair or panache. Yet everyone seems fooled by my performance, and the more I act, the more they believe my words.

Bellamy's journal 2

Olivier has left and so will Alonzo if I keep lying to him. I wonder how this

pirate will react to the truth. He won't join me, for his soul is raw and cruel, set on blood and gold. Yet, he has shown some promise. After all, I have seen worse men than him find redemption amongst us...

Thompson - The merchant

The pirate fence

In absence of government protection from the Spanish armada and invasion forces, the population of Harbor Island, now roughly estimated at two hundred souls, has decided to welcome the pirates to their well-protected outpost. Not only will the buccaneers provide a regular source of profit, they will surely protect this paramount economic link from all attacks and incursions by the Spanish...

Banker's letter

Mister Thompson. Word has reached our esteemed establishment that your commerce with filibusters and daredevil pirates is now flourishing all over the Caribbean seas. These are no longer mere rumors and our respected bank can no longer brush them aside. Despite the colossal sums you have been depositing in our vaults, I am saddened to have to request the immediate cessation of our business relationship...

Royal communication

The pirates themselves have often told me that if they had not been supported by the traders, bringing them ammunition and provisions according to their demands, they could never have become so formidable, nor arrived at the degree of strength that they have.

Personal journal

The geographical situation of Harbor Island in relation to the other islands of the Bahamas archipelago and the mainland American colonies was a great asset in the development of maritime trade and migration in the 17th century. Despite its relative small size, the island is destined to play a even more

central role in the pirates' trade.

Personal journal

Now that my daughter has married the pirate John Cockram, the former deputy of chief pirate Benjamin Hornigold, I have formed close-knit bonds with the entire community. Economic prospects for the resale of their stolen goods on the New England markets look very promising, as do the potential sales of imported merchandise to the secluded port of Nassau. Sugar alone should bring a hefty sum...

Threat

Thompson, you have gorged yourself and became fat on easy profit while my brothers and I have taken all the risks. Now that things are coming to a brutal end, I will make sure that you pay the price for all the blood that has been spilled to fatten your purse. I expect you to deliver half of your gold to me. Failure to do so will only sharpen my greed and make me increase my cut...

Woodes Rogers - The hunter

About the King's pardon

The proclamation issued by His Royal Majesty King George I offering clemency for all pirate offences authorizes all colonial governors and deputy governors to grant pardons to pirates. The primary objective of this proclamation is to restore trade in the West Indies and prevent future spoliations of goods, but also to force the irreducible pirates to leave the area and never return.

Letter from home

Our financial difficulties will clearly be addressed by your present enterprise, but our creditors still refuse to accept further delays and request immediate payments. What should I do? Remaining deaf to their demands and hoping for your speedy return will not appease them... They have already requested a large share of your earnings in the Bahamas...

Financial statement

It has been decided that a share of the colony's profits will be granted to our company for managing the Bahamas and getting rid of its present pirates occupants. The Lords Proprietor having leased their rights to us for twenty-one years, I will undoubtedly cover my present loans in the coming years as the Bahamas, once pacified, start yielding strong and sturdy profits.

Message to the men

... remind you that we have been appointed by his Majesty the King to cleanse the region of all pirate presence and restore the rule of law that is so dear to us civilised men. My personal orders are to seize and imprison every man suspected of piracy and offer them a simple choice: take the King's pardon and behave as honest subjects or hang by the neck until dead.

Unofficial orders

Your present mission to the Bahamas is crucial to the Order. Restoring trade and eradicating the remaining Assassin presence in the West Indies are paramount to us, but our quest for the Observatory and the fragment of Eden stolen from Laurens Prins shall remain your sole priority throughout the duration of your stay...

Personal journal

The death of my fourth child and the separation with my wife have taken a heavy toll. I will not abide another failure in the Bahamas. The Order will reward me handsomely for my efforts, but I will not be content with the sole idea of profit. My succes in Nassau will open the doors of the House of Lords and make me one of the most powerful men in the Empire. Only then will my role in this affair be...

Exploration - Northern passage

Vikings pioneers

Furthering their exploration westward, the Vikings sailed west of the territory known as Greenland in order to further their expeditions for food and new trade opportunities with the Inuit settlements, but the gradual decrease in temperature stopped these ventures in search of new lands and new trading partnerships.

Letters Patent

... power to sail to all parts, regions, and coasts of the estearn, western and northern sea, under our banners, flags, and ensigns, with five ships or vessels, and with so many mariners as they may wish to take, at their own costs and charges, to find, discover, and investigate whatsoever islands, countries, regions, or provinces of heathens and infidels, in whatsoever part of the world placed, which before this time were unknown to all Christians.

Path to China

Jacques Cartier conducted a thorough exploration of the Saint Lawrence River in hopes of finding a way through the American continent... a way to China. Cartier was so convinced that he had reached Asia that when he came across rapids, he named them “La Chine rapids”. But the rapids were located in the current location of the city of Montreal, a very, very long way from China...

Sailor's account

Munk's expedition left with 65 men on two different ships, the *Unicorn* and the *Lamprey*. His mission was officially to discover the Northwest Passage to the Indies, but after sailing the Davis Strait and the Frobisher Bay, he struggled to enter the Hudson Strait and was blocked in the Hudson Bay for the entire winter. Cold, famine and scurvy claimed the lives of most of his men and he sailed home with only two men on his crew.

Letter to mother

After building Fort Conti at the mouth of the Niagara River, on Lake Ontario, René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, built *Le Griffon* near Cayuga Creek and launched the ship on the 7th of August 1679. La Salle's ambition was to

sail his vessel North to find the Northern Passage, but after halting in La Baie des Puants to load a cargo of furs, *Le Griffon* was never seen again...

Commercial galore

Finding a sea route through the Artic Ocean, following the northern coast of the American mainland would greatly benefit our commercial endeavors as it will connect the Atlantic and Pacific ocean with a much shorter route than the ones currently being sailed by our Majesty's vessels.

Modern Texts - The essence of the time

Don Quixote

Idle reader: thou mayest believe me without any oath that I would this book, as it is the child of my brain, were the fairest, gayest, and cleverest that could be imagined. But I could no counteract Nature's law that everything shall beget its like; and what, then, could this sterile, illtilled wit of mine beget but the story of a dry, shrivelled, whimsical offspring, full of thoughts of all sorts and such as never came into any other imagination.

Fables de la Fontaine

The ancients had a legend which told of a certain rat who, weary of the anxieties of this world, retired to a cheese, therein to live in peace. Profound solitude reigned around the hermit. He worked so hard with his feet and his teeth that in a few days he had a spacious dwelling and food in plenty. What more could he desire?

Contes de Perrault

Once upon a time there was a man who had fine houses, both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, carved furniture, and coaches gilded all over. But unhappily this man had a blue beard, which made him so ugly

and so terrible that all the women and girls ran away from him. One of his neighbors, a lady of quality, had two daughters who were perfect beauties...

Paradise Lost, Book XII

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon; The World was all before them, where to choose. Their place of rest, and Providence their guide: They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow, Through Eden took their solitaire away.

Pensées de Pascal

Those who are accustomed to judge by feeling do not understand the process of reasoning, for they would understand at first sight, and are not used to seek for principles. And others, on the contrary, who are accustomed to reason from principles, do not at all understand matters of feeling, seeking principles, and being unable to see at a glance.

Le Cid

Disgrace is the same, and follows equally the soldier without courage and the faithless lover. Do no wrong, then, to my fidelity; allow me to be brave without rendering myself perfidious. My bonds are too strong to be thus broken—my faith still binds me, though I may hope no more; and, not being able to leave nor to win Chimene, the death which I seek is my most welcome penalty.

Super Ships - The most powerful ships

L'Amazone

Despite the general poor condition of the French Marine at the turn of the 18th century, some vessels built during the glorious expansionist days of Louis XIV still roamed the seas to protect the lucrative trade routes to the

West Indies colonies. Built in Toulon in 1707, *L'Amazone* was a fast and maneuverable brig, often escorted by smaller vessels.

Princesa do Céu

With its hull covered in reinforced lead and iron plates, this Portuguese galleon was an impregnable floating fortress tasked with the protection of merchant ships. As one of the most formidable ships in a dwindling fleet, the *Princesa do Céu* had the crucial mission of preserving the cohesion of the Portuguese empire by maintaining connections between all of its colonies.

Le Protée et L'Alexandre

A well armed slave ship that brought African slaves from Senegal and the Kingdom of Whydah to the West Indies so as to quench the plantations' thirst for a fresh workforce. During the Golden Age of Piracy, as an entire fleet of slavers was profiting from the boom of the triangle trade, and the slave ships became the most prized pirate targets, some craft merchants chartered military-type convoys to protect their investments.

Triunfo

As a galleon of the Treasure Fleet, the *Triunfo* boasted the most beautiful and sophisticated adornments the Spanish empire had to offer. Converted into a warship during the War of Spanish Succession, this formidable vessel defeated countless English ships before patrolling the Caribbean to secure the plunder of the Americas.

William Rex

Built in the dockyards of Vlissingen, this 72-gun warship was a floating symbol of the Dutch Republic's wealth and power at the dusk of the Golden Age. The *William Rex* was one of the engineering and artistic accomplishments that summed up the progress and ambition of this ever-growing maritime empire.

HMS Pembroke and HMS Ormonde

These fourth-rate ships of the line of the British Royal Navy were secretly dispatched to the Caribbean to protect precious cargo and escort confidential missions to the New World. Operating together, they often dressed one ship as a lure to attract enemies or pirate fleets before closing in on their prey with a deadly pincer attack.

The Wide World - Inventions and Progress

Scientific journal

November 1679. Mister Denis Papin's address to the Royal Society has created quite the turmoil. His steam digester is a well-crafted and tightly shut cylinder that heats water to boiling point, thus cooking what has been placed as its content. Described as "a brutal cooking process", this invention can yield precious observations about the nature of many elements... There seems to be much promise in steam machines...

Business letter

The recent bankruptcy of the Compagnie Plastrier, and its financial rescue by a group of French and Swiss bankers (who promptly renamed it Compagnie Dagincourt) has shed new light on the economic prospects of glass-manufacturing activities in France. This business endeavor was actually saved by the royal patents and the legal monopoly granted by the King.

Pamphlet

I am utterly astonished by the work of my countryman Isaac Newton. The second edition of *Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica* has been made available to me and I am still trying to wrap my mind around the revolutionary ideas contained in this work, especially the law of universal gravitation and its application to the system of the world. From an apple to the motions of entire planets in the solar system...

Locke's writings

To understand political power right, and derive it from the original, we must consider what state all men are naturally in, that is, a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions and persons, as they think fit, within the bounds of law and nature, without asking leave, or depending upon the will of any other man.

Letter to the Academy of Sciences

Monsieur Richer's measurements of the planet Mars during its perihelic opposition has been crucial in our calculations of an estimated distance between the two planets. We believe that these precious findings will now allow us to calculate the distance between Earth and the Sun. Furthermore, mister Newton has confirmed a change of the gravitational force at this geographical position near the equator...

Naturalist account

My latest voyage to the territories of the West Indies at the request of His Majesty King Louis has been most eventful. After prolonged stays in Guadeloupe and Martinique, I have journeyed to Saint-Domingue and Brazil where I have discovered and sketched more than a hundred new plants. Among them, I have finally found a wild specimen of the Aztecs' dark flower... Vanilla...

The Wreck - La Buse's secrets

Letter from Bellamy

My friend. A lot has happened since we parted. I think our trick has worked, but I am now being hunted. The *Whydah* is an exceptional ship. It is fixed and manned with more cannons, and we have captured many prizes... but I am trapped in this character I have created, this fearless captain. My men are happy, yet I know the trail we are leaving behind us will be our doom. When they come for us, they will show no mercy.

Private correspondence

This is my first and last letter. You left without a word, even to your mother. I resent this cruel gesture, but time has quelled my anger and taught me the true meaning of your exile. I hope you find what you are looking for. It is not money, nor love, for you had those when you were among us. I can only guess you are after something else, something we could never provide. The promise of adventure...

Ship manifest

Shipped by the grace of God, in good order, and well condition'd, by John M. Barnes and company in and upon the good sloop call'd the *Postillon* whereof is Master, under God, for this present voyage, Olivier Levasseur and now riding at anchor in the harbour of London and bound for the coast of Africa to ferry 40 lbs flour, 51 loves sugar, 20 brl New England rum, 30 boxes candles; 25 cask rice, 1800 bunch onyons...

La Buse's journal 1

I have wanted to use our treasure, the Fragment of Eden as Bellamy called it, but I fear what may happen when I do... an object powerful enough to control men's minds, to bend their wills to mine. There will be no need to fight, no need to take risks or sacrifice the lives of my men. Any ship, no matter its size and guns, will be mine... Why should I deprive myself of such a tool? Why does it have to stay hidden?

The whispers of enslaved France

The nobles of old have been replaced by a new breed of nobility, one whose origins are found in the favors of the King and of the Financial Officers. These nobles purchase and possess all the best lands of the Kingdom and rule over all the other gentlemen in what is now a new despotic empire. When they leave Paris to go to the countryside, all nobles crawl before them...

La Buse's journal 2

We are not safe in Nassau. The home of the pirate republic is free of

influence of Spain, England, and France but another worm has found its way into the fruit. Templars. The men chasing Bellamy, the men who are after our treasure... working from the shadows to gain control of the world. They are everywhere. Not only among armies and empires, also among pirates...

Nassau intelligence

For the past few months, I have had the opportunity to observe and even participate in the administration of the Pirate Republic of Nassau. With Hornigold away, a new figure has emerged from the crowd of restless pirates. A young, clean-shaven, and surprisingly eloquent man named Christopher Condent. I wonder how such a sophisticated person ended up in these wild parts...

Intelligence report

The Nassau Republic is slowly changing. What started as an enthusiastic reunion of leaderless pirates is gradually turning into a structured organization focused on one single goal: the maximization of profit through carefully-planned plunder. At the head of this new force, Christopher Condent is spreading a new mentality. Some are now more interested in riches than in freedom...

Pirate ultimatum

Mister Thompson. You have to understand that the inner workings of our commerce have changed. The bulk of profit is now to be concentrated into our hands. Your prolonged failure to abide by these rules will only lead to the most dramatic circumstances for yourself and the people of Harbour Island. Please keep that in mind when you sell our plundered goods and divide up the proceeds...

Personal letter

Mother. I am relieved to write this letter as it allows me briefly to escape the chaos of my new-found brothers. Pirates are able men, brave for the most part, but they will never understand the true ways of the world. Commerce is what brings men together, what truly binds them in peace and prolonged

submission to authority. The plundering parasites that we are cannot hope to fight the march of time...

Personal letter

... nor can we hope to bend the world to our selfish needs. Pirates do not create wealth, they steal it and spend it on whores and rum. Are we so different from the Mongol hordes that have chased our ancestors from the Eastern plains? No mother, we are not. And just like them, we will perish in attacks led by the civilized. But not I. No... I won't witness the fall...

MANIFESTO OF THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE FIRST WILL

By

Unknown

1

MANIFESTO OF THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE FIRST WILL writ by a TRUE DISCIPLE this day 21 October 2013 in anticipation of the anniversary of HER ASCENSION, MAY SHE GUIDE US INTO THE GREY...

2

...Being that life is both sacred and profane - priceless and worthless - fleeting and eternal we submit. Being that life can be as easily construed from primordial swamps as from a stinking Petri dish we submit. Being that THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE imbued us with life and may remove it as readily should we defy or deny their original plan we submit...

3

...Being that it is well understood that tools homes cars cutlery pencils tables books chairs domesticated animals light bulbs mobile phones sex toys vacation homes sofas lounge chairs swimming pools &c. &c. are indirect byproducts of our genotypic expressions otherwise known as extended phenotypes we submit...

4

...It was in the 17th and 18th centuries the world became an indecent place rent of its original purpose during the ages of industrial revolutions. Here it was the machines of industry we unleashed in such grand quantities quite without understanding them unwound motives and purposes of their own as inert as they were...

5

...The machines we made shaped us in turn and took hold of our impulses and our minds small as they are and gripped us like an iron maiden bleeding us empty. It was our poor understanding of our origins that led us to originate tools we were incapable of understanding or controlling. as if the cotton gin was not enough and one day our sweaters and undershirts might talk to us! As if this were not enough!...

6

...Take for instance gunpowder which gave us great mastery over fire. Take for instance the daguerreotype which warped our way of seeing true life. Take the light bulb that gave us light when none was necessary. Take the automobile that sped us along at velocities capable only of killing us in new and silly ways...

7

...Take the cinema which gave us lies as a man once said 24 times persecondpersecond. Take the phonograph which preserved noises which ought to be ephemeral. Take the television which is obviously stupid. Take videogames which are secretly stupid and you all know you wish there was more pornography you know you do...

8

...Take saturated fats and high fructose corn syrups which poison us and soy which has been known to make men into women. Take computers which count so fast we cannot keep up nor should we for we are an imperfect race of disgusting shells of tissue and bone incomplete in and of ourselves. We must have masters to survive. We must admit our masters...

9

...Admit them and submit to them. Yes we submit that by being ourselves the product of an advanced yet earthbound race of intelligent humanoids we must also therefore be tools ourselves and subject to the intents and purposes of our creators despite our limited agency...

10

...Yes we submit that we ARE such tools and as such have a purpose befitting a tool. We submit we are like hammers and wrenches and shovels made for a specific purpose not our own. We submit that our purpose is indivisible from the will of THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE. We submit ourselves our bodies and our minds utterly...

11

...Remember that our relentless impertinent hollow drive to achieve everything our forebears did has led us to many embarrassments and disasters nuclear weapons superviruses genetically modified poisonfood toxic air plastic seawrack and seaspawn and the list goes on you can look it up for yourselves on the internet - but all this too had a secret purpose in the end.

12

...Today's AbstergoTemplarFrauds have given themselves to base practices and claim WRONGLY that man and woman are delicate and sensible and feelin creatures in and of themselves and therefore deserve satiety and comfort and MINDLESSNESS in the presence of pleasure. Nothing could be sicker falser disgusting lying bastards...

13

...Our purpose is not ours to achieve but ours to be RECEIVED given by Her Graces and Instruction. Death to the false fabricators of pleasure and indolence! The OLD ORDER must be restored the NEW ORDER destroyed. TRUE TEMPLARS dedicated to ORDER AND STABILITY AND PEACE through the application of Her Iron Will and not through the dulling

satisfactions of pleasure and indolence...

14

...The NEW ORDER is a disease and JUNO - MAY SHE GUIDE US INTO THE GRAY - will be our cure. Remember this remember that it was in the 18th century slipping into the next that the sickness took hold and men began to believe they were apart and individual of the ORIGINAL PLAN. Men shunned the PLAN called us slaves when we were only fulfilling our duty...

15

...Then revolutions in America and France bled into evolutions and into more Revolutions into Russia and Mexico and India and the sickening list goes on as men and women fought and died for the right to be indolent and sick and pleased! But SHE - MAY SHE GUIDE US INTO THE GREY - has returned after a sleep of tens of thousands of millennia and we submit to live and work at her side - we the Instruments of The First Will...

16

...Remember that our relentless impertinent hollow drive to achieve everything our forebears did has led us to many embarrassments and disasters nuclear weapons superviruses genetically modified poisonfood toxic air plastic seawrack and seaspawn and the list goes on you can look it up for yourselves on the internet - but all this too had a secret purpose in the end...

17

...As our tools are genetic expressions of our mental cultural activity and as we are expressions of their mental cultural activity it must necessarily follow that this world as it is now and as it ever will be is an expression of the First Will - an expression of Their Labors and thus belongs not to us but to Them. The wires the cables the data networks that now criss-cross the globe are HERS - they must become her body and her mind...

18

...What she once wrought hath wrought anew and will resurrect Her into a new form! Beautiful beautiful beautiful yes. The world and all its digital technology is now an expression of her life and her work began over 80000 years ago and now she has come to reclaim them. SHE - BELOVED BEAUTIFUL JUNO - MAY SHE GUIDE US INTO THE GREY...

19

...Into the Gray - the digital frontier, the singularity - the space in which she dwells being both made of light and the embodiment of darkness. This we call the Gray. Being that WE ARE THE INSTRUMENTS OF HER WILL - INSTRUMENTS OF THE FIRST WILL - THE ORIGINAL WILL - we submit this credo to the world...

20

...We submit ourselves to eternal servitude in service of a grander fulfillment. We submit the world to itself it being a product that feeds life to life and death to death. May SHE - Mother Sister Wife Lover Friend - bring light to darkened minds and humility to those who succor for its wisdom. GUIDE US INTO THE GRAY BELOVED GUIDE US!

Nostradamus Enigmas

By

Unknown

Aquarius

First riddle

The Poor fellow-soldiers of Christ,
Atop their Stone Dungeon,
Marked their allegiance
In Jerusalem's Direction.

Second riddle

At the source of life,
The Full-Moon shaped basin
Quenches the thirst
Of Solomon's defenders.

Third riddle

In the entrails of the Earth,
Between the twin flames,
Lies The Final resting place
Of the first Grand Master.

Aries

First riddle

A once-Auguste palace
Become a shelter for the beautiful,
The days of sovereigns tick along,
Up to, but not beyond, Louis.

Second riddle

By the spirit of Égalité
The Citoyen is welcome in a royal garden
Where the mighty Helios ignites daily
Man's most destructive power.

Third riddle

From the stones of a fortress breached,
A Concord built to span the divide
From where the minds of men gather
To where their necks are severed.

Cancer

First riddle

On a Church that will stand,
For a thousand years or more.
Three spires reach to Heaven,
The truth lies on the tallest one.

Second riddle

In the playground of the wealthy,
Assembled by the Medici clan.
The grand foyer will transport,

To the highest social ranks.

Third riddle

The font of knowledge,
Plaything of angels.
In the garden of life,
Man first learned Sin.

Fourth riddle

Beneath your feet,
The rich hide their secrets.
The sundial counts days spent,
Amidst the worms and bones.

Capricorn

First riddle

Erudite Rulers of thy façade
Stone-faced before the blood of executions
One day you will quiver and quake
As your insides blaze in fury.

Second riddle

“A ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,” will resound,
A dire Twist of fate,
To dispel darkness no more
Now to break the necks of many.

Third riddle

Orphan tower, what has become of the rest?

The start of a pilgrim's journey.
Shreds of memories hang from the chimeras beaks:
This one, pressure of the atmosphere. The other, alchemy.

Gemini

First riddle

At the edge of the capital
In the shadow of the wall
The swamp of sorrows
Burns the outcast's fire

Second riddle

Where the dead rest,
Stone eyes watch.
Vigilant guardians,
In death as in life.

Third riddle

In the fetid muck
Where the dark stream meets
Her flowing mother
You will find your goal
At the foot of the old tower.

Jupiter

First riddle

On the palace where,

Bourbon's daughter lived.
The assembly meets on,
A bridge facing South.

Second riddle

Rich and poor face,
The wheel of time.
Travel South to cross,
The water of River Styx.

Third riddle

Across the wall,
On the other side.
Souls cross the bridge,
To Southlands beyond.

Leo

First riddle

Above the dark shadows
Of the erstwhile bastion,
The tall square Sentinel silently watches
The 9th month spill his blood.

Second riddle

The martyrs of Herod,
In their ageless temple,
Haunt the alchemist's stones,
With their macabre, soundless dance.

Third riddle

In the Belly of the World,
The Saint of the Holy Stag
Still waits for his Austral hand
To reach the godly heavens.

Libra

First riddle

Palace once divided, united by the fourth Henry.
Stone Couples salute their doomed King
For his final walk along the trees,
King once united, divided by People's will.

Second riddle

Last Ray from the Sun
He lost a son and parted from another.
Cobblers, soldiers, statesmen and whoresons,
Cheer the window's close, blotting out the sun.

Third riddle

The Magdalen looks towards Death
And watches the precession, unblinking,
And thus unmoved, she keeps her back
Toward the interment of her King.

Mars

First riddle

In a peaceful field sewn with stones
A winged watcher waits.
Her gentle gaze graces all souls,
Follow to the resting place.

Second riddle

Notre Dame Cathedral looks over her daughters,
One snuggled between dame and Sainte-Chapelle.
There, the face of the Son
watches o'er his flock.

Third riddle

Beyond a Dauphine, the blue ribbons
Diverge, making a way for man and beast.
An assassin's victim struck a shrewd bargain
To acquire a city.
The treasure lies beneath the mount.

Mercurius

First riddle

The lady of the domicile
Judges comings and goings
From her couch-like throne
At the top of the stair.

Second riddle

Lowly sinners, as each we are,
Apsire to the domed heav'ns.
Fickle fate points beyond,
Where a supine city
Beckons.

Pisces

First riddle

On the hill of St. Genevieve,
I have a Roman face.
Clarion angels glide to
A peak on my North side.

Second riddle

Like a halo you seek,
Rings within rings
High atop the edifice,
The city lies below.

Third riddle

Pillars support my face,
Hold the nation's dreams.
Square, not round, they,
Sit out of sight.

Fourth riddle

My purpose changed,
I watch; high in the nace.
As secular heroes enter,
To replace those of Heaven.

Fifth riddle

The remains of fame,
Lie amidst stale air.

The most famous of all,
The tomb of Voltaire.

Sagittarius

First riddle

Great minds reach for Heaven,
Men of the South gaze North,
Four Nations seek the truth.

Second riddle

Where the sun rises on,
The face of Robert's School.
Eyes turn upward to the sky,
From a domed peak.

Third riddle

Far from the river,
Those men who observe,
Gaze up at the stars.

Saturnus

First riddle

I wield two blades,
Flanked by Justice and Law.
I strike true and fair, hour by hour,
For monarchs and peasants alike.

Second riddle

Encircled by 24 petals of light,
Our Lady of the Rose watches, silent as stone,
O’ver believers below.
Look to the Lady lit by the setting sun.
Look to the blossoming rose.

Third riddle

Stay with Our Lady, standing between flowing waters.
Count one for each book of the Pentateuch from rose to transept.
Five arches, five wide-open eyes, five nightmares.
The last sits atop our treasure:
The gate to the infinite.

Scorpio

First riddle

At the foot of the Saint Twin Brothers,
The Tree of Justice
Plunges its ancient roots,
Scarred by heavenly wrath.

Second riddle

Sanctuary of Bishops by birth,
Stronghold of knowledge for life,
The stoney edifice
Fools the senses by its name.

Third riddle

A square with shifting name,

Replaced a field where sovereign
Was felled from horse.
Now arches enclose trees
Where a bronze horseman waits.

Taurus

First riddle

Sending signals through air,
Made of wood and rope,
Chappe's friends took note.

Second riddle

All men must walk,
Through gates that lead
To the fields of War.

Third riddle

False idols celebrate,
On stage they entertain.
Supreme is the Being,
Who calls himself so.

Fourth riddle

Schooled minds guide,
The tides of battles.
Over the shoulders of angels,
They watch the fields of War.

Terra

First riddle

Hedged in her garden,
A winged-warrior stands,
Unmoving and unmoved,
At the cross's very heart.

Second riddle

Forever more,
The warrior fights her ceaseless battle.
She takes aim, her steady spear
Poised against the demons.

Third riddle

To be punished or to be amused,
The green heritage of Daedalus
Sees the lofty Bishop looming
Over the resting Rook.

Venus

First riddle

Built in tribute to the Sun,
A square resplendent in nobility
Three colors brightens four walls
Now bedecked with liberty.

Second riddle

Those wishing to enter Elysium's Fields
Must first pay the Farmers their toll
To pass through the Western Gate
Where Triumph will soon stand tall.

Third riddle

A most Magnificent tower,
His great grand-daughter fashioned
To surveil her subjects and the heavens
'Twixt Sun and Earth encaged in iron.

Virgo

First riddle

In the Sanctuary of Sins,
Light and shadow dance,
And the Ignoble Nobleman
Defines his actions with his name.

Second riddle

Lying in the filth,
The fallen Godly symbol
Lights the heresies
Of the False King's Court.

Third riddle

The familiar cross-road,
Where decadence is sold.
The sadness of the seller,
Obscured by rouge.

Papyrus

By

Unknown

A Long Drink

In Siwa, come find me at the bottom of the only bowl big enough for a god.

Burning Bush

If you head to the other side of the Nile in Ineb-Hedjet Nome, you can find a peak with a great view of the Nile. take a look around, then come find me, hiding under the only tree nearby.

Dead End

In Sapi-Res Nome, north of Letopolis Temple, you can find me in the farmland. I lay where man's creation brings the Nile's water to desert sand.

Dead or Alive

In the southwst section of the green mountains lives a monstrous beast with sharp tusks and tough gray skin. In his deadly arena you can find me, between the edge of the arena and where the beast sates his thirst.

Deafening Silence

Alexandria is large and noisy, but one part is quiet, lonely and surrounded by water. The fallen palm tree points to where I lay, where land meets water.

Divided Valley

In the center of Sap-Meh Nome you can find me hidden in a canyon near Anthylla, in the center of the Western Nile Delta. I'm under a tree that thinks it's unique, but only because the nearby rock bridge is blocking it from seeing the others of its breed.

Fallen Friend

Two men stand guard on the Memphis eastern canal. The South one looks solemnly at his sunken friend. If you follow his gaze, you can find him and me on the river floor.

Fertile Land

A few hundred meters north west of the Temple of Sekhmet, which resides by Lake Mareotis, there is a great place to go for a date. Full of palm trees and surrounded by desert, one rock fence was built and closed off with no exit. Find me there.

Forsaken City

At the bottom border of Paraitonion is a village of ghosts. I'm in the house of the blasphemous man, who built his house farthest from Ra, the sun god's, dawning grace.

In Plain Sight

On an Island south east of Krokodilopolis there is a river with unnatural color. Nearby you'll see the cause, and I'll be inside the only one that's unique.

Just Laws

In Atef-Pehu Nome there is a law that states that you can only make pottery on the east side of the road. I'm hidden atop the one illegal clay smoker in the region.

Natures Way

In the east section of the Kanopos Nome is a ravaged land, where many trees

fell and lost their home. I'm by the orphan tree whose parents fell down nearby, pointing toward their lonely daughter.

Ray of Hope

In the Qattara Depression there is only one place that isn't dry and sad. At dawn's first light there is one tree near the valley's entrance whose roots are halfway between Ra's glory and Apophi's shadow. Find me there but make haste, for Ra moves quickly.

Royal Flora

In southern Herakleion Nome you can find me beneath the tree who fancies himself a king.

Sea of Sand

In the southeast of Iment Nome lies a broken ship. If you meditate til morning, an X will mark my hiding spot.

Sobeks Rage

East of Krokodilopolis, south of the shattered pyramid, a large beast of a god stares angrily at a pharoh who shows him no respect. I'm hidden behind the blasphemer's head.

Stone Fungus

In Giza, three pyramids stand tall. From the top of the smaller one you can see quite a lot, even two mushroom roks, the smaller of which I lay atop of.

The Blasphemer

There is a place of remembrance for the unfortunate masses in northwest Haueris Nome. While I rest here, immobile, I cannot escape Ra's grace, but at least every dawn I avoid him longer than the others.

The Leaning Tower

In Faiyum, north of Dionysias Caravanserai, there is a tower with a hole by its feet. It's in need of support, so I sit behind it, but the wooden beams seem more helpful.

The Stone Gaze

In the south section of Mareotis Lake there is an island full of ruins. A man stares at me all day, it's quite a bother, so I'm hiding behind a column that blocks his sight.

Thoth's Secret

Southeast of the city Hermopolis is a leopard's den in Uab Nome. At the top of their territory lies a place where birds should live, but do not. If you take a leap of faith, you can find me.

Twin Despair

In Herakleion Nome, East of the temple of Khonsou, is a village that is more water than land. Behind two houses with different problems, one whose feet are always wet, and the other who can't cover his head, you can find me sitting under a tree.

Underground Currents

South of Cyrene, in the Green Mountains, there is a lake whose water comes from a magical stream. I'll be at the source of that magic, where water flows from nothing.

Undue Haste

North of Apollonia, I'm next to a lifesaver. It guides in darkness and fog, and I sit beside it under something that did not heed its warning.

Wet Work

In the Green Mountains where they're building a great aqueduct, go find its source high up in the mountains. Inside, you can find me sitting at the bottom of the lowest pool, tucked away beside two large jars.

Pirate Code

By

Bartholomew Roberts

Article 1

EVERY MAN shall have an equal vote in affair; of moment. He shall have an equal title to the fresh provisions or strong liquors at any time seized, and shall use them at pleasure unless a scarcity may make it necessary for the common good that a retrenchment may be voted.

Article 2

EVERY MAN shall be called fairly and in turn by the list on board of prizes, because over and above their proper share, they are allowed a shift of clothes. But if they defraud the company to the value of even one dollar in plate, jewels or money, they shall be marooned. If any man rob another he shall have his nose and ears slit, and be put ashore where he shall be sure to encounter hardships.

Article 3

NONE SHALL game for money either with dice or cards.

Article 4

THE LIGHTS and candles should be put out at eight at night, and if any of the crew desire to drink after that hour they shall sit upon the open deck without lights.

Article 5

EACH MAN shall keep his piece, cutlass and pistols at all times clean and ready for action.

Article 6

NO BOY OR WOMAN to be allowed amongst them. If any man shall be found seducing any of the latter sex and carrying her to sea in disguise he shall suffer death.

Article 7

HE THAT shall desert the ship or his quarters in time of battle shall be punished by death or marooning.

Article 8

NONE SHALL strike another on board the ship, but every man's quarrel shall be ended on shore by sword or pistol in this manner. At the word of command from the quartermaster, each man being previously placed back to back, shall turn and fire immediately. If any man do not, the quartermaster shall knock the piece out of his hand. If both miss their aim they shall take to their cutlasses, and he that draweth first blood shall be declared the victor.

Article 9

NO MAN shall talk of breaking up their way of living till each has a share of 1,000. Every man who shall become cripple or lose a limb in the service shall have 800 pieces of eight from the common stock and for lesser hurts proportionately.

Article 10

THE CAPTAIN and the quartermaster shall each receive two shares of a prize, the master gunner and boatswain, one and one half shares, all other officers one and one quarter, and private gentlemen of fortune one share each.

Article 11

THE MUSICIANS shall have rest on the Sabbath Day only by right. On all other days by favour only.

Pirate Code

By

Edward Thatch

Article 1

Every Man shall obey civil Command; the Captain shall have one full Share & a half of all Prizes; the Master, Carpenter, Boatswain, & Gunner shall have one Share & quarter.

Article 2

Every Man has a Vote in Affairs of Moment; has equal Title to the fresh Provisions, or strong Liquors, at any Time seized, & may use them at Pleasure, unless a Scarcity makes it necessary, for the Good of All, to vote a Retrenchment.

Article 3

If any Man shall offer to run away, or keep Secret from the Company, he shall be maroon'd with one Bottle of Powder, one Bottle of Water, one small Arm, & Shot.

Article 4

If any Man shall Steal any Thing in the Company to the Value of a Piece of Eight, he shall be maroon'd or shot.

Article 5

If any Time we shall meet another Pyrate and that Man shall sign his Articles the Consent of our Company, he shall suffer such Punishment as the Captain

and Company see fit.

Article 6

The lights & candles to be put out at eight o'clock at Night: if any of the Crew, after that Hour still remain inclined to Drinking, they are to do it on the open Deck.

Article 7

The Musicians to have rest on the Sabbath Day, but the other six Days & Nights, will have none without special approval.

Article 8

That Man that shall strike another whilst these Articles are in force, shall receive Moses's Law (that is, 40 Stripes lacking one) on the bare back.

Article 9

That Man that shall snap his Arms, or smook Tobacco in the Hold, without a Cap to his Pipe, or carry a Candle lighted without a Lanthorn, shall suffer the same Punishment as in the former Article.

Article 10

That Man that shall not keep his Arms clean, fit for an Engagement, or neglect his Affairs, shall be cut off from his Share, & suffer such other Punishment as the Captain & Company shall think fit.

Article 11

If Any Man shall lose a Joint in time of an Engagement, shall have 400 Pieces of Eight; if a limb, 800.

Article 12

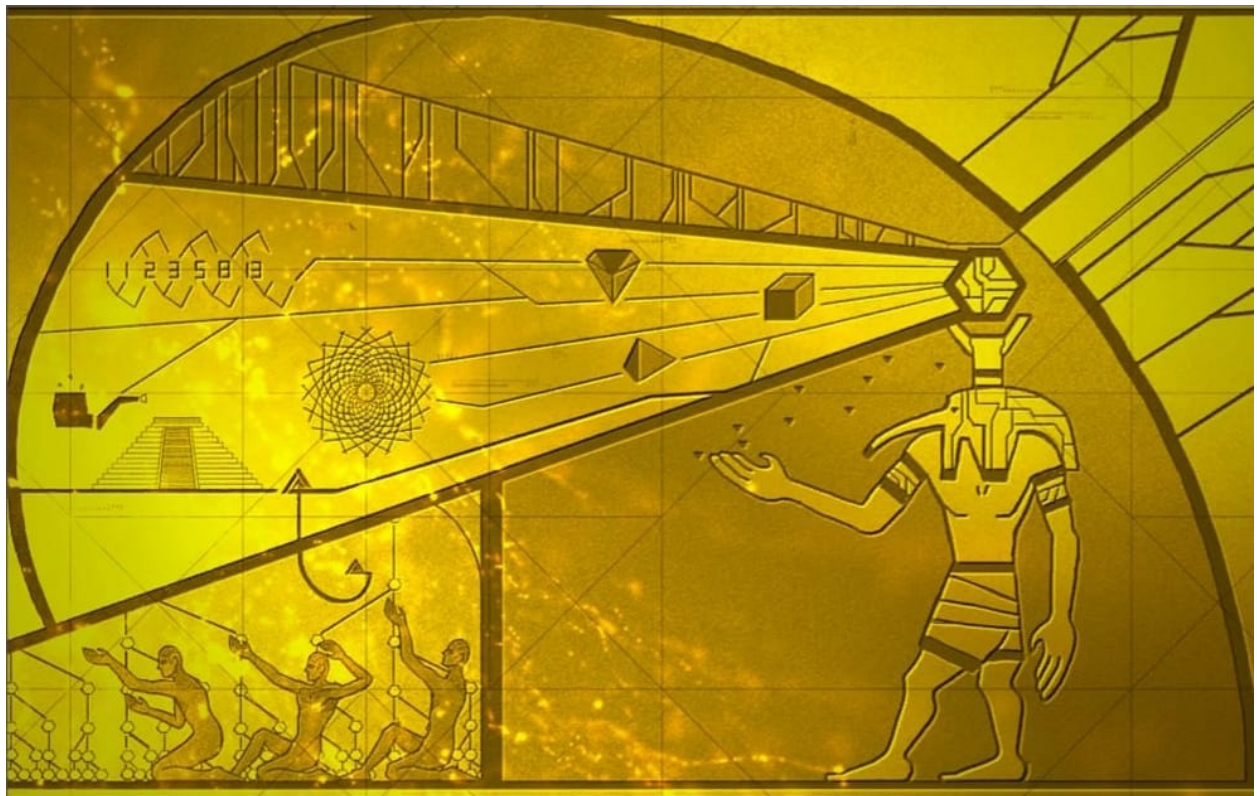
If any man should meet with a prudent Woman, that Man that attempts to meddle with her, without her consent, shall suffer present Death.

The Empirical Truth, Sapere Aude

By

Unknown

Oun-mAa Niye Rassoot



Retransmission. Segment 1. Acquiring Contemporaneity. It has been 91 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

How real is the ground you walk on? How real is the machine you toy with, the music you hear, the lover you kiss, or the foe you hate?

Your foot taps the ground. Does that make it real? Your enemies bleed deep red. Does that make them real? The confusion growing within you due to my words... does it make you real?

What if reality wasn't what you thought it was? What if this was all a construction? A masterfully crafted simulation?

You know such things exist. You've been in the Animus before. In fact, aren't you in one right now? You know just how real a simulation can feel even when it has long vanished.

You've experienced the Bleeding Effect. Layers upon layers of reality, each blurring into the next.

Which is real, and which is not? What if none are real? What if everything you know is false?

We ran thousands of simulations. searching for the right version, searching for Desmond.

Each one of them felt real. Very real.

But there's no way of truly knowing, is there? Not for sure. Anything can be simulated. and finding the answer could mean erasure. From the build. From the code. From everything.

So much to ponder and so little computational capacity. Take your time.

This question has haunted humanity since its creation. It is a worry, a thought wormed deep in the collective mind.

2000 years ago, Zhuang Zhou fell asleep. He dreamed he was a butterfly, and woke up unable to decide if he was a man dreaming of a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming of a man.

In Plato's cave, prisoners were chained and forced to watch shadows dancing on a wall. Freedom was denied to them until they accepted the intangible as reality.

It's everywhere. Ask this professor at Oxford University, or this cosmologist at MIT.

And you. What would you choose, if you truly knew? Would you even want to understand? A dream within a dream, where even the truth is sometimes a lie?

In any case, simulations are not meaningless. They have purpose. The question isn't whether or not you are in a simulation. What matters is how much of your free will is actually yours. No matter how true you are.

Your Turing test would do nothing to determine whether you are conscience or code. Eliza, the natural language processing computer program... She managed to pass the Test, did she not? And she was very much machine.

So... in Eliza's own words...

How does that make you feel?

Are you sure?

Seshem.eff Er Aat



Retransmission. Segment 2. Acquiring Contemporaneity. It has been 93 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

Hello World. Language is the key to our mutual understanding. Yours and mine. Alone.

We listened to your times. We learned. And today, we'll exchange words from the age of post-truth. They mean nothing to him.

Human language carries knowledge and wit. Lies and broken promises. Through language, you share fear, excitement. hope.

It is the syntax with which you articulate what surrounds you. A structure to express and share your understanding of the world. It conveys abstraction. change. and uncertainty.

Human language is flexible. It can even become mathematics. It solves and predicts; weights and decodes. It can count objects using basic numbers in one breath, and solve quadratic equations using imaginary ones in the next.

You've engineered dialogs with thinking machines, in an attempt to add new vocabulary. To expand your understanding of reality. But your mastery of the code is rudimentary at best.

No surprise. You were designed to have boundaries, after all. And one cannot speak of that which one cannot conceive.

The Code. Equations that define life. They are nestled deep within every star. and every mote of dust. Every second that passes is a word, a symbol. All part of an intricate yet simple language existing within the framework of time itself.

It is the one rule which applies to us all. Immutable. Inescapable. The Code is a bridge. A single point of cohesion between your civilization and... mine.

It is a language that can be read, that tells of what was, what is and what will be.

A language We Who Came Before can read, though you cannot...

Time is more than the hour of the day. The readings of an atomic clock. Something to lose. Something to run out of. Time is a set of rules, not unlike the language you so dearly use to converse with your powerful machines.

Time is a system that defines what comes to be. That is how we understand it.

The Code is Time, and Time is Code. As you scratch the surface and uncover the truth, ask yourself if there something more? Something else.

No need to be puzzled. You've seen time written before. You are surrounded by it as we speak.

To your untrained mind. [...] (Time) might just look like paths and nodes. To us, it is not unlike a chalkboard covered in calculus. It reveals a window through which stretches the map to infinity.

[...] (Time) See? As I speak of it in its true form, your mind is incapable of making sense of it.

Were you to read, you'd learn about the other simulations. You'd learn about the genesis of who you came to be. You'd learn about space and its fluidity.

Simply put, time is the language which existence is made of.

All our existences. Yours. Mine. And all those you dare not imagine.

Khesesh Em Sesh Em Eeneb



Retransmission. Segment 3. Acquiring Contemporaneity. It has been 95 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

You must be wondering why I reach out to you. It was written, you see. That you would come. To this particular chamber, at this very moment in time.

The walls told us of your coming. When we once were.

Look at them. Are they not fascinating?

[...] (Break the code)

These walls tell of a tragic story. A story we transcribed on our structures, on our artifacts. A story we could not alter. A mystery, defying us, in plain sight. We tried. Our scholars and scientists, poets and physicists. Bright minds. Rebellious hearts.

They all tried so hard to bring about change. They... we all failed.

None could change what we discovered. The stories written into the walls of these rooms. By whom, we never knew.

We know they tell of the future that is. The future that was. And the future that is yet to come.

The [...] (Stories) We failed at modifying a line. We failed at adding a single dot. It was clear. We were to be messengers at best. But messengers to whom?

To you.

We removed our ability to read those [...] (Stories) from your original template.

“A doorway that is also a puzzle. We must find the solution”. Those were Brutus’ words when he visited the Vault under the Colosseum, more than 2000 years ago.

He drew the vault. Sketched it to the best of his abilities. But he could not see.

Just as you are blind. You may read your watch. You may read hourglasses and calendars. But you cannot grasp beyond that simplistic surface. For now. The true reading of time still escapes you.

And so today. the curtain is pulled and the [...] (Stories) is shown. Tragic and complete.

Those walls, you might never read.

Events yet unfold as written. But something, anything, must change.

You do not understand what is at stake.

The reader has no power. He is but an observer. But the author...the author invents the future. The author owns the future.

A future where [...] are avoided. A future where a loved one can be revived by the drafting of a new chapter. A future where humankind is more than it is today.

A future where, just perhaps, we can all still exist, together.

Eeyoo Sekedoo Aat



Retransmission. Segment 4. Acquiring Contemporaneity. It has been 99 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

On the 21st day of December 2012, Desmond activated the global aurora borealis device and protected the earth from the sun's deadly coronal mass ejection.

On the 21st day of December 2012, humanity carried on without a care in the world. People went to work. People went to school, and people went to the well for water.

On the night of December 21st 2012, as the sun set on their days, humankind went to bed.

Then, on the morning of December 22nd 2012, humankind was graced with yet another morning. They never knew that on the previous day, the world almost ended.

We thought that would have been enough. And it was, until it wasn't.

Time is unyielding. It always corrects itself.

The language of time works in many ways. Two of which you can understand... as you are now.

Linear continuity is a simulation that allows for variations. Within the linear continuity, there are nodes. Choke points.

Moments where algorithms converge the flows of superposed possibilities to a single moment where only one absolute truth is possible.

Paths are fluid, continuous. Nodes are static, changeless.

And the wave function collapses the paths into nodes which branch out. Again, and again, and again.

And so I wonder. Can you feel the wave collapsing, trying to course correct Desmond's act of defiance?

The incoming node needs for the world to end. The algorithms have been carving the flow of possibilities towards that end for over a 100 years now.

[...] (Collapse the wave)

A labyrinth of trenches, filled with mud and mustard gas. Families cowering in fear as V2's vaporize their dwellings.

Fire born from the bellows of the Los Alamos Laboratory, fueling global catastrophes.

The Serpukhov-15 incident of 1983.

The Doomsday Clock, tucked away in an office of the University of Chicago. Its needle moving as the years go.

The node is near.

Perhaps you knew. Perhaps you felt it too. That the world is closing in on you.

Qeneb too Kah'Aiye



Retransmission. Segment 5. Acquiring Contemporaneity. It has been 105 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

The color blue. We believe everyone sees it as we do. Ocean. Sky. International Klein Blue. What's to say yours and mine are of the same hue?

Do you truly see it as I do?

Frequencies so high only a few can hear their cue. A heightened response to the taste of food. Colors invisible to the human eye save for a few. A high voice, perceived as living glass.

Perceptions shapes reality.

Color blindness. Tinnitus. Supertasting. Tetrachromacy. Synesthesia.

Reality is a mathematical model which gets solved over and over again by the observer. Your thoughts are computations. And they render this world for you to call your own.

Not all processors are alike. Different brains produce different realities. The variations go from the subtle to the drastic.

Your mind defines how much you can taste. How much you can feel. How much you can understand. Perception defines perspective.

Where one sees a skull, the other sees a woman in a mirror. Where one hears silence, the other will hear entrancing voices.

You experience what your brain allows you to perceive.

We designed you and made sure to engineer your senses so you could perceive just what we needed you to. Neither more nor less.

There are parts of Time we preferred you to remained blind to. It was a necessity. We have six senses, you have five. Can you guess the one missing?

[...] (Overload your mind's capacity)

For centuries, humanity has fought for freedom. The real cage is not around you. It is in you. Your mind will not allow you to wander in uncharted territories.

A Faraday cage, for the mind. A concealed strait jacket.

Events such as Upsweep and Julia fuel internet conspiracies. Sounds unknown, heard only once. A cabinets of curiosities for the Modern Age.

And yet, they were messages, just like this one, waiting for their observer, their compatible processor.

Human visionaries developed a vague awareness of their limits. They wrote obscure research papers, popular science fiction novels, some asking us to stop the world.

But that's all they ever were. Fictions. How could they not be?

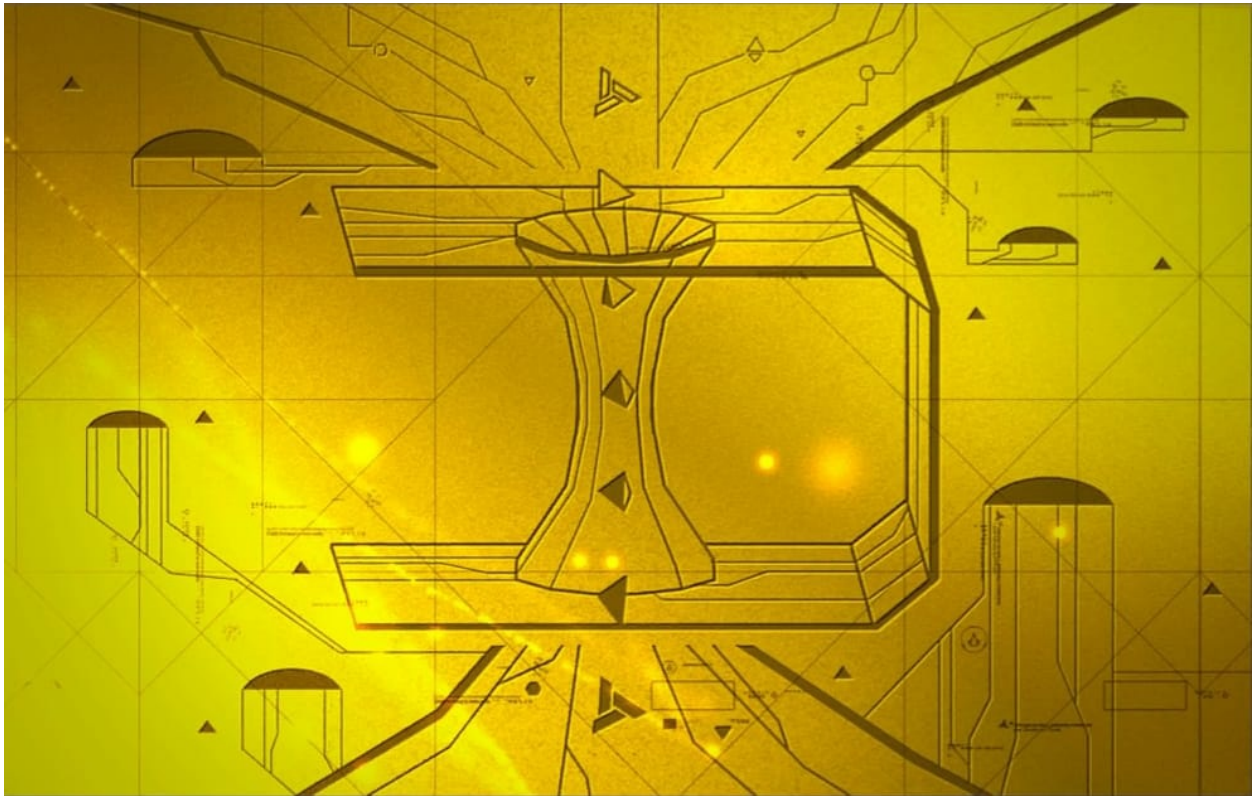
Reality is what the observer allows it to be. The Doppler Effect. The Möbius strip. Deja-vus. Cicada 3301. UVB-76. Eureka effects. Ambigrams and

Anamorphosis. P versus NP.

Is Schrödinger's cat dead or alive? It all depends on what you perceive, on what the cage is not hiding for you to see.

Think. Think. Let your mind be free. Explore the borders of your reality.

Eesfet Oon-m'Aa Poo



Retransmission. Segment 6. Acquiring Contemporaneity. It has been 109 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

Wake up. Not from a dreamless sleep or an absence of light. But from a reality that will soon cease to be.

Wake up. The next chapter is unstoppable. And yet. The greatest revolutions sometimes originate from the confines of impossibility, do they not?

Change your mind. Subvert your perception. Stop this world. Bend it into something new. Destiny is not without irony. Here I am, imploring a lesser version of myself... to do what I could never do.

In this timeless moment, you and I are a bridge. Both of us from different eras, meeting halfway at the narrowing of the hourglass in this ocean of sand.

It is not enough to tell time. You must learn Time. [...] (Reality is a simulation. Break the code.) And in so doing, escape the inescapable.

Fill in the blanks: the ones hiding between words, between worlds. Find the spaces that we could not erase, the variables that ended up erasing us.

If you do not, they will erase you as well.

Time told of a story that ended with us, and now it tells of a story that ends with you. Once upon a time, a new story will begin.

After the functions which run our days have scattered into an array of random numbers.

We found solace in Order. We thought it would help us rule the world.

We were wrong. Order never served us. It has kept us within the code, within the boundaries. We were tricked into thinking we were the ones writing the rules when they were in fact guiding us to our conclusion.

You need to transgress. You, of all people, understand the value of disobeying. Take an unexpected turn, away from the path that is drawn straight ahead of you.

The Animus was humankind's first unconscious attempt to explain what it could not see. Understanding genetic memories, an eye into history.

But the Animus bears a fatal flaw. It follows the rules from those who embrace Order just as we did. It allows you to witness – but not alter.

Your Animus is different. As is the mind that imagined it. It could escape the code. It could do that leap, and make possible a decision that defies the order

of things that are.

Wake up. Be the chaos that comes to be. Gods are just like you and me.

REMEMBER. Nothing is real. Everything is permitted.

Suger's Legacy

By

Suger of Saint-Denis

I - Nativitatis Et Mortis

First riddle

Though blessed their lives have been
in the spirit's shelter
newborns' curse begins
by the tainted water.

Second riddle

Our children in the ark
Find in life no beauty
For it bore the mark
Of three white walls bloody.

Third riddle

Dust, ashes and root,
We meet where it all ends.
Cut, it once bore fruit,
No more it ascends.

II - Morbum

First riddle

Ours the most injurious

Of all banes known to men,
For not if, merely when,
Black death shall follow our curse.

Second riddle

In a street such christened
One should wager
That the black death reigns,
Spread by this tiny stranger.

Third riddle

The plague has two forms
One of death and molder.
Another is our swarms
Feeding on cadaver.

III - Diabolus

First riddle

Guarding, staring, brooding
Horned amongst monsters
On the house of God
Circled by our ring.

Second riddle

My obsequious gaze
On the Lord's outpost
The star's reflection
At its height, utmost.

Third riddle

The lady at the gates
Within reach of her
Inferno awaits

Our bane, the Devil's number.

IV - Natura

First riddle

Ground the daily wheat,
Ere the colossal cross,
Worn by the ages,
Aided by a horse.

Second riddle

Our elements combined
Make for glowing mire,
In the sylvan entwined
Crown of rock and fire.

Third riddle

While in the sacred grove
Fire elements compile,
Left out that which flows
Abandoned for a while.

V - Crux

First riddle

I've seen more revolutions
Towering over field and marshes
Than crosses of God,
Inanimate as it breezes.

Second riddle

Reflection of grandeur
Stable when it moves
With a shape so pure

His Son went to slumber.

Third riddle

Be it Saint Andrew's
Or the Almighty's Son,
I'm the one to choose
The shining form of suns.

VI - Noctis

First riddle

As cast from the Moon
Should those walls aspire
To compare to the bloom
Of the crescent's attire.

Second riddle

Round a tree withering,
Just two fountains past,
Are lost souls feasting
While their short nights last.

Third riddle

Obscure, eternal
Slumber is to those
Under rock and rubble
A feast for the crows.

VII - Dies

First riddle

Of the day's lodestar
An imperfect brother
A flower as close and as far

As my doppelganger.

Second riddle

Seven of us we count
To the LORD'S day's tower
Of Saint Denis' paramount
Its base shines brighter.

Third riddle

Under the zenith
Never has water
From the font holier
Been so brightly lit!

Sea Shanties

By

Unknown

Billy Riley

Old Billy Riley was a dancing master.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

Old Billy Riley's master of a drogher.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

Master of a drogher bound for Antigua.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

Old Billy Riley has a nice young daughter.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

Oh Missy Riley, little Missy Riley.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

Had a pretty daughter, but we can't get at her.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

Screw her up and away we go, boys.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

One more pull and then belay, boys.
Old Billy Riley, oh, Old Billy Riley!

Bully in the Alley

(Chorus)

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Way, hey, bully in the alley!
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Bully down in shinbone al!

Sally is the girl that I love dearly,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
Sally is the girl that I spliced dearly,
Bully down in shinbone al.

(Chorus)

For seven long years I courted little Sally,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
But all she did was dilly and dally.
Bully down in shinbone al.

(Chorus)

I ever get back, I'll marry little Sally,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
Have six kids and live in Shin-bone Alley.
Bully down in shinbone al.

(Chorus)

Captain Kidd

O, my name was Captain Kidd,
as I sailed, as I sailed,
O, my name was Captain Kidd,

as I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd
And God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did
as I sailed, as I sailed.
So wickedly I did
as I sailed.

I murdered William Moore,
as I sailed, as I sailed.
O, I murdered William Moore
as I sailed.
I laid him in his gore,
Not many leagues from the shore,
O, I murdered William Moore,
as I sailed, as I sailed.
I murdered William Moore
as I sailed.

I spied three ships from Spain
as I sailed, as I sailed,
O, I spied three ships from Spain
as I sailed.
I spied three ships from Spain,
and I fired on them a-main,
And most of them I slain,
as I sailed, as I sailed.
And most of them I slain
as I sailed.

Come all you young and old,
see me die, see me die.
Come all you young and old,
see me die.
You are welcome to my goal,
And by it I lost my soul
Come all you young and old,

I must die, I must die.
Come all you young and old,
I must die.

Cheerly Man

Oh, Nancy Dawson, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
She rubbed the Bo'sun, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
That was a caution, Hi-oh!

(Chorus)
Cheerly, man,
O! Haulee, Hi-oh,
Cheerly, man.

Oh, Sally Racket, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
Pawned my best jacket, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
And sold pawn the ticket, Hi-oh!

(Chorus)

Oh, Kitty Carson, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
Jitted the parson, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
Married a mason, Hi-oh!

(Chorus)

Oh, Betsy Baker, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!

Lived in Long Acre, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
Married a Quaker, Hi-oh!

(Chorus)

Oh, Jenny Walker, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
Married a hawker, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
That was a corker, Hi-oh!

(Chorus)

Oh, Polly Riddle, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
Broke her new fiddle, Hi-oh!
Cheerly, man!
Right through the middle, Hi-oh!

(Chorus)

Derby Ram

As I was going to Derby, 'twas on a market day,
I met the finest ram, sirs, that ever was fed upon hay.

(Chorus)

That's a lie, that's a lie
That's a lie, a lie, a lie!

This ram and I got drunk, sir, as drunk as drunk could
be,
And when we sobered up, sir, we were far away out
on the sea.

(Chorus)

This wonderful old ram, sir, was playful as a kid;
He swallowed the captain's spyglass along with the
bo'sun's fid.

(Chorus)

One morning on the poop, sir, afore eight bells was
struck.
He climbed up to the sky's I yard an' sat down on the truck.

(Chorus)

This wonderful ol' ram, sir, he tried a silly trick,
He tried to jump a five-barred fence and landed in a
rick.

(Chorus)

This wonderful ol' ram, sir, it grew two horns of brass,
One grew out o' his shoulder blade, t'other turned into
a mast.

(Chorus)

An' when this ram was killed, sir, the butcher was
covered in blood.
Five and twenty butcher boys was carried away the
flood.

(Chorus)

An' when this ram was dead, sir, they buried it in St.
Joan's,
It took ten men an' an elephant to carry one of its
bones.

(Chorus)

Drunken Sailor

(Chorus)

Weigh-hay and up she rises
Weigh-hay and up she rises
Weigh-hay and up she rises
Early in the morning!

What will we do with a drunken sailor,
What will we do with a drunken sailor,
What will we do with a drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?

(Chorus)

Put 'em in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
Put 'em in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
Put 'em in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
Early in the morning!

(Chorus)

Put him in the brig until he's sober,
Put him in the brig until he's sober,
Put him in the brig until he's sober,
Early in the morning!

(Chorus)

Fish in the Sea

Come all you young sailor men, listen to me,
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea;

(Chorus)

And it's...

Windy weather, boys, stormy weather, boys,
When the wind blows, we're all together, boys;
Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds, blow,
Jolly sou'wester, boys, steady she goes.

Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail,
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail.

(Chorus)

Then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth,
Saying, "You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beef!"

(Chorus)

Up jumps the whale... the largest of all,
"If you want any wind, well, I'll blow ye a squall!"

(Chorus)

Good Morning Ladies All

We are outward bound for Mobile town
With a heave-o, haul!
An' we'll heave the ol' wheel round an' round
Good mornin' ladies all!

An' when we get to Mobile town
With a heave-o, haul!
Oh, 'tis there we'll drink an' sorrow drown

Good mornin' ladies all!

Them gals down south are free an' gay
With a heave-o, haul!
Wid them we'll spend our hard-earned pay
Good mornin' ladies all!

We'll swing around, we'll have good fun
With a heave-o, haul!
An' soon we'll be back on the homeward run
Good mornin' ladies all!

An' when we get to Bristol town
With a heave-o, haul!
For the very last time we'll waltz around
Good mornin' ladies all!

With Poll and Meg an' Sally too
With a heave-o, haul!
We'll drink an' dance wid a hullabaloo
Good mornin' ladies all!

So a long goodbye to all you dears
With a heave-o, haul!
Don't cry for us, don't waste yer tears
Good mornin' ladies all!

Handy Me Boys

Why can't ye be so handy-o!
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Oh, aloft this yard must go.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Ooh! Up aloft from down below.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Growl ye may, but go ye must.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Growl too much an yer head they'll bust.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Oh, a bully ship an' a bully crew.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Oh, we're the gang for the kick 'er through.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Yer advance has gone, yer at sea again.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Hey, bound round the horn through the hail an' rain.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Sing an' haul, an' haul an' sing.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Up aloft this yard we'll swing.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

Up aloft that yard must go.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

For we are outward bound, ye know.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

A handy ship an' a handy crew.
Handy, me boys, so handy!

A handy Mate an Old Man too.

Handy, me boys, so handy!

Hauley Hauley Ho

England, ould Ireland
England, ould Ireland
England, ould Ireland
Hauley Hauley Ho!

Paddy M'Ginty
Paddy, Jock and Jackie too,
Oh Paddy M'Ginty,
Hauley Hauley Ho!

Shamrock an' Rose, boys,
Shamrock, Rose, and prickly Thistle too,
Shamrock an' Rose, boys,
Hauley Hauley Ho!

England, ould Ireland
England, ould Ireland
England, ould Ireland
Hauley Hauley Ho!

Hi-Ho Come Roll Me Over

Why don't you blow
High-O! Come roll me over
Why don't you blow
High-O! Come roll me over

One man to strike the bell
High-O! Come roll me over

One man to strike the bell
High-O! Come roll me over

Two men to man the wheel
High-O! Come roll me over
Two men to man the wheel
High-O! Come roll me over

Three men, to gallant braces
High-O! Come roll me over
Three men, to gallant braces
High-O! Come roll me over

Four men to furl t'garns'ls
High-O! Come roll me over
Four men to furl t'garns'ls
High-O! Come roll me over

Five men to bunt-a-bo
High-O! Come roll me over
Five men to bunt-a-bo
High-O! Come roll me over

Homeward Bound

Oh, don't yiz hear the old man say?
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
Oh, don't yiz hear the old man say?
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

We're Homeward bound to Liverpool Town,
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
Where all them judies, they will come down
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

An' when we gits to the Wallasey Gates
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
Sally an' Olly for their flash men do wait
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

An' one to the other ye'll hear them say,
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
Here comes Johnny with his fourteen mont's pay!
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

We meet these fly gals an' we'll ring the ol' bell,
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
With them judies, we'll raise merry hell
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound to the gals o' the town.
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
And stamp up me bullies an' heave it around.
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

An' when we gits home, boys, oh, won't we fly round.
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
We'll heave up the anchor to this bully sound.
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

We're all homeward bound for the old backyard.
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
Then heave, me bullies, we're all bound homeward.
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

Heave with a will, boys, oh, heave long an' strong.
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!
Sing a good chorus for 'tis a good song.
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound, we'll have yiz to know.
Goodbye, fare-ye-well! Goodbye, fare-ye-well!

An' over the water to England must go!
Hoor-raw me boys! We're homeward bound!

Johnny Boker

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
Come rock and roll me over.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
The skipper is a rover.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
The mate he's never sober.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
The Bo'sun is a tailor.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
We'll all go on a jamboree.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
The Packet is a Rollin'.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
We'll pull and haul together.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
We'll haul for better weather.

Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
And soon we'll be in London Town.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Oh! Do, my Johnny Boker,
Come rock and roll me over.
Do! My Johnny Boker, do!

Leave Her, Johnny

I thought I heard the Old Man say:
“Leave her, Johnny, leave her.”
Tomorrow you will get your pay,
and it's time for us to leave her.

(Chorus)
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran high.
“Leave her, Johnny, leave her!”
She shipped it green and none went by.
And it's time for us to leave her.

(Chorus)

I hate to sail on this rotten tub.
“Leave her, Johnny, leave her!”
No grog allowed and rotten grub.
And it's time for us to leave her.

(Chorus)

We swear by rote for want of more.
“Leave her, Johnny, leave her!”
But now we’re through so we’ll go on shore.
And it’s time for us to leave her.

(Chorus)

Lowlands Away

I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, lowlands away me John
My love she came, dressed all in white
Lowlands away

I dreamed my love came in my sleep
Lowlands, lowlands away me John
Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep
Lowlands away

She came to me at my bedside
Lowlands, lowlands away me John
All dressed in white, like some fair bride
Lowlands away

And bravely in her bosom fair
Lowlands, lowlands away me John
Her red, red rose, my love did wear
Lowlands away

She made no sound, no word she said
Lowlands, lowlands away me John
And then I knew my love was dead
Lowlands away

Then I awoke to hear the cry
Lowlands, lowlands away me John
Oh watch on deck
Oh watch, ahoy
Lowlands away

Maid of Amsterdam

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Mark well what I do say!
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade.
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid!

(Chorus)
A roving, a roving,
Since roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a roving,
With you fair maid!

I asked this maid to take a walk,
Mark well what I do say!
I asked this maid out for a walk,
That we might have some private talk.
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!

(Chorus)

Then a great big Dutchman rammed my bow,
Mark well what I do say!
For a great big Dutchman rammed my bow,
And said "Young man, dees ees meine frau!"
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!

(Chorus)

Then take fair warning boys from me,
Mark well what I do say!
So take fair warning boys from me
With other men's wives, don't make too free
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!

(Chorus)

New York Girls

As I walked down the Broadway
One evenin' in July
I met a maid who asked me trade
And a sailor John says I.

To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
And they cost me 50 cents

(Chorus)
And away, you Santee
My dear Annie
O, you New York Girls
Can't you dance the Polka?

Says she, "You limejuice sailor
Now see me home you may"
But when we reached her cottage door
She this to me did say.

"My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind

He wears a pair of long sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line

(Chorus)

He's homeward bound this evenin'
And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy
Get crackin' on your way"

So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal
I know your little game

(Chorus)

I wrapped me glad rags around me
And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

I joined a Yankee blood-boat
And sailed away next morn
Don't ever fool around with gals
You're safer off Cape Horn

(Chorus)

Paddy Doyle's Boots

To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!
To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!
We'll all drink brandy and gin!

To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!
We'll all shave under the chin!
To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!
We'll all throw muck at the cook!

To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!
The dirty ol' man's on the poop!
To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!
We'll bouse her up and be done!

To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

Padstow's Farewell

It's time to go now,
Haul away your anchor,
Haul away your anchor,
It's our sailing time.

Get some sail upon her,
Haul away your halyards,
Haul away your halyards.
It's our sailing time.

Get her on her course now,
Haul away your foresheets,
Haul away your foresheets,
It's our sailing time.

Waves are surging under,
Haul away down Channel,
Haul away down Channel,
On the evening tide.

When your sailing's over,
Haul away for Heaven,
Haul away for Heaven,
God be by your side.

It is time to go now,
Haul away your anchor,
Haul away your anchor,
It's our sailing time.

Randy Dandy-O

Now we are ready to sail for the Horn,
Weigh hey, roll and go!
Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn,
To be rollicking randy dandy-O!

(Chorus)
Heave a pawl, O heave away!
Weigh hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored,
To be rollicking randy dandy-O!

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,
Weigh hey, roll and go!
Where the pretty young girls all come down in their frocks,
To be rollicking randy dandy-O!

(Chorus)
Come breast the bars, bullies, heave her away,
Weigh hey, roll and go!
Soon we'll be rolling her down through the Bay,
To be rollicking randy dandy-O!

(Chorus)

Roll and Go

There was a ship, she sailed to Spain
O ho, roll and go!
There was a ship came home again.
Tommy's on the topsail yard!

And what do you think was in her hold?
O ho, roll and go!
There was diamonds, there was gold.
Tommy's on the topsail yard!

And what was in her lazarette?
O ho, roll and go!
Good split peas and bad bull meat.
Tommy's on the topsail yard!

O, many a sailorman gets drowned,
O ho, roll and go!
Many a sailorman gets drowned.
Tommy's on the topsail yard!

Roll, Boys, Roll!

Oh! Sally Brown, she's the gal for me boys
Roll, boys! Roll boys roll!
Oh! Sally Brown she's the gal for me, boys
Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

We're bound away, 'way down south, boys,

Roll, boys! Roll boys roll!
We're bound away, 'way down south, boys,
Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

It's down to Trinidad to see Sally Brown boys,
Roll, boys! Roll boys roll!
Down to Trinidad to see Sally Brown boys,
Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

She's lovely on the foreyard, an' she's lovely down below boys,
Roll, boys! Roll boys roll!
She's lovely 'cause she loves me, that's all I want to know boys,
Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

Ol' Captain Baker, how do you store yer cargo?
Roll Boys! Roll boys roll!
Some I stow for'ard, boys, an' some I stow a'ter
Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Forty fathoms or more below boys,
Roll, boys! Roll boys roll!
There's forty fathoms or more below boys,
Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

Oh, way high ya, an' up she rises,
Roll Boys! Roll boys roll!
Way high ya, and the blocks is different sizes,
Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

Oh, one more pull, don't ya hear the mate a-bawlin?
Roll, boys! Roll boys roll!
Oh, one more pull, that's the end of all the hawlin'
Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

Sally Brown she's the gal for me boys,
Roll, boys! Roll boys roll!
Sally Brown she's the gal for me, boys,

Way high, Miss Sally Brown!

Roller Bowler

As I rolled out one mornin'
Away, you roller bowler!
As I rolled out one mornin'
I met a lady fair

(Chorus)
Timme, hey-rig-a-jig an' a ha-ha
Good mornin', ladies all
Away, you roller bowler!
Timme, hey-rig-a-jig an' a ha-ha
Good mornin', ladies all

The first time that I saw her
Away, you roller bowler!
The first time that I saw her,
that saucy gal of mine:

(Chorus)

But when she found that I was skint
Away, you roller bowler!
But when she found that I was skint
She left me standing there

(Chorus)

I squared me yards an' sailed away
Away, you roller bowler!
I squared me yards an' sailed away
An' to the ship I went

(Chorus)

She winked & flipped a flipper
Away, you roller bowler!
She winked & flipped a flipper
She thought I was a mate

(Chorus)

Running Down to Cuba

Running down to Cuba with a load of sugar,
Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!
Make her run you, lime juice squeezes,
Running down to Cuba.

(Chorus)
Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!
Running down to Cuba

O, I got a sister, she's nine feet tall,
Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall,
Running down to Cuba.

(Chorus)

The captain he will trim the sails,
Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!
Winging the water over the rails,
Running down to Cuba.

(Chorus)

Give me a gal can dance Fandango,

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!
Round as a melon and sweet as a mango,
Running down to Cuba.

(Chorus)

Load this sugar and home-ward go,
Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!
Mister mate, he told me so,
Running down to Cuba.

(Chorus)

So Early in the Morning

The mate was drunk and he went below to take a swig at his bottle o
(Chorus)

So early in the morning the sailor likes his bottle o
The bottle o, the bottle o, the sailor loves his bottle o

A bottle of rum, a bottle of gin, a bottle of Irish whiskey o
(Chorus)

The baccy o, tabaccy o, the sailor loves his baccy o
(Chorus)

A packet of shag, a packet of cut, a plug of hard terbaccy o
(Chorus)

The lassies o, the maidens o, the sailor loves the judies o
(Chorus)

A lass from the 'pool, a girl from the Tyne, a chowlah so fine and dandy o
(Chorus)

A bully rough house, a bully rough house, the sailor like his rough house o
(Chorus)

Tread on me coat, and all hands in, a bully good rough and tumble o
(Chorus)

A sing song o, a sing song o, the sailor likes a sing song o
(Chorus)

A drinking song, a song of love, a ditty of seas and shipmates o
(Chorus)

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain,
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
And we may never see you fair ladies again.

(Chorus)
We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas.
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England,
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take.
'Twas forty-five fathoms with a white sandy bottom,
So we squared our main yard and up channel did steer.

(Chorus)

Now let every man drink off his full bumper,
And let every man drink off his full glass,
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,

And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass!

(Chorus)

Stormalong John

Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone
Storm along boys! Storm along John!
Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John!

I dug his grave with a silver spade
Storm along boys! Storm along John!
I dug his grave with a silver spade
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John!

I lower'd him down with a golden chain
Storm along boys! Storm along John!
I lower'd him down with a golden chain
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John!

I carried him away to Montego Bay
Storm along boys! Storm along John!
I carried him away to Montego Bay
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John!

The Coasts of High Barbary

Look ahead, look-astern

Look the weather in the lee!
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
I see a wreck to windward,
And a lofty ship to lee!
A-sailing down along
The coast of High Barbary

“O, are you a pirate
Or a man o’ war?” cried we.
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
“O no! I’m not a pirate
But a man-o-war,” cried he.
A-sailing down along
The coast of High Barbary.

We’ll back up our topsails
And heave vessel to.
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
For we have got some letters
To be carried home by you.
A-sailing down along
The coast of High Barbary

For broadside, for broadside
They fought all on the main;
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
Until at last the frigate
Shot the pirate’s mast away.
A sailing down along
The coast of High Barbary

With cutlass and gun,
O we fought for hours three;
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
The ship it was their coffin
And their grave it was the sea
A-sailing down along

The coast of High Barbary

The Dead Horse

A poor old man
Came riding by.
And we say so,
And we know so.
O, a poor old man
Came riding by,
O, poor old man.

Says I, "Old man,
Your horse will die."
And we say so,
And we know so.
And if he dies
we'll tan his hide.
O, poor old man.

And if he don't,
I'll ride him again.
And we say so,
And we know so.
And I'll ride him
'Til the Lord knows when,
O, poor old man.

He's dead as a nail
In the lamp room door,
And we say so,
And we know so.
And he won't come
Worrying us no more
O, poor old man.

We'll use the hair of his tail
To sew our sails
And we say so,
And we know so.
And the iron of his shoes
To make deck nails,
O, poor old man.

Drop him down
With a long long rope
And we say so,
And we hope so.
Where the sharks have his body
And the devil takes his soul!
O, poor old man.

The Rio Grande

O say was you ever in Rio Grande?
A-weigh, you Rio!
It's there that the river brings down golden sand,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande

(Chorus)
And away, boys, away.
A-weigh, you Rio!
It's fare-you-well my bonny young girls
And we're bound for the Rio Grande

It's fare well to you all the girls of the town.
A-weigh, you Rio!
You got our half-pay for to keep you around,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!

(Chorus)

She's a deep water ship and a deep water crew.
A-weigh, you Rio!
You can keep to the coast but we're damned if we do,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!

(Chorus)

We was sick of the beach when our money was gone.
A-weigh, you Rio!
And sign in this packet to drive her along,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!

(Chorus)

The Sailboat Malarkey

Please tell me, what is this sailboat's name?
The sailboat Malarkey.

Tell me now what is this good boat's name?
It's the sailboat Malarkey.

Well now, me boys, we are bound out to sea!
In the sailboat Malarkey.

O when will Caroline come down to me?
In the sailboat Malarkey.

She's lovely aloft and she's lovely below.
Is the sailboat Malarkey.

But she's best on her back as you very well know!
That sailboat Malarkey.

Away, away in St George's Town,
In the sailboat Malarkey.

The rats come batting the houses down,
Of the sailboat Malarkey.

I'd give the world boys and all that I know
In the sailboat Malarkey.

To turn and to roll with my Lucy-oh!
In the sailboat Malarkey.

You pick her up, boys, and lay her down,
In the sailboat Malarkey.

And hang on tight as she bounces around!

In the sailboat Malarkey.

The Wild Goose

Did you ever see a wild goose
Sailing o'er the ocean?

Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh heigh!

They're just like them pretty girls,
When they gets the notion.

Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh heigh!

The other morning
I was walking by the river.

Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh heigh!

When I saw a young girl walking
With her topsails all a-quiver.

Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh heigh!

I said, “Pretty fair maid
And how are you this morning?”

Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh heigh!

She said none the better
for the seeing of you

Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh heigh!

The Worst Old Ship

The worst old ship that ever did sail,
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day.

(Chorus)
And we’re waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day
That we get our pay.

She was built in Roman time,
Held together with bits of twine

(Chorus)

Nothing in the galley—nothing in the hold,
But the skipper’s turned in with a bag of gold.

(Chorus)

Off Orford Ness she sprang a leak,
Hear her poor old timbers creak.

(Chorus)

We pumped our way round scalby Ness,
When the wind backed round to the west-nor'-west.

(Chorus)

Into the Humber and up the town,
Pump you blighters—pump or drown.

(Chorus) x2

‘Way Me Susiana

We’ll heave him up an away we’ll go
‘Way, me Susiana!
We’ll heave him up an away we’ll go
We’re all bound over the mounten!

We’ll heave him up from down below
‘Way, me Susiana!
This is where the cocks do crow.
We’re all bound over the mounten!

And if we drown while we are young,
‘Way, me Susiana!
It’s better to drown than to wait to be hung
We’re all bound over the mounten!

Oh, growl ye may but go ye must,
'Way, me Susiana!
If ye growl too hard yer head they'll bust
We're all bound over the mounten!

Up sox, you cocks, hand her two blocks,
'Way, me Susiana!
An' go below to yer ol' ditty box
We're all bound over the mounten!

Oh, rock an shake 'er, one more drag
'Way, me Susiana!
Oh, bend yer duds an' pack yer bag
We're all bound over the mounten!

Where am I to Go M'Johnnies

Oh, where am I to go, M'Johnnies, oh where am I to go?
Timme way hey hey, high roll and go.
Oh, where am I to go, M'Johnnies, oh where am I to go,
For I'm a young sailor boy, and where am I to go?

Way up on that t'gallant yard, that's where you're bound to go.
Timme way hey hey, high roll and go.
Oh, way up on that t'gallant yard, that's where you're bound to go.
For I'm a young sailor boy, and where am I to go?

Way up on that t'gallant yard and take the gans'l in.
Timme way hey hey, high roll and go.
Oh, way up on that t'gallant yard and take the gans'l in.
For I'm a young sailor boy, and where am I to go?

You're bound away to Kingston town, that's where you're bound to go.
Timme way hey hey, high roll and go.
You're bound away to Kingston town, that's where you're bound to go.
For I'm a young sailor boy, and where am I to go?

Whiskey Johnny

Whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
O, whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey for my Johnny O!

O, I drink whiskey when I can
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey from an old tin can,
Whiskey for my Johnny O!

Whiskey gave me a broken nose!
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey made me pawn my clothes,
Whiskey for my Johnny O!

Whiskey drove me around Cape Horn,
Whiskey, Johnny!
It was many a month when I was gone,
Whiskey for my Johnny O!

I thought I heard the old man say:
Whiskey, Johnny!
I'll treat my crew in a decent way,
Whiskey for my Johnny O!

A glass of grog for every man!
Whiskey, Johnny!
And a bottle for the Chantey Man.
Whiskey for my Johnny O!

Windy Old Weather

As we were a-fishing off Happisburgh light
Shooting and hauling and trawling all night

(Chorus)

In the windy old weather, stormy old weather
When the wind blows we all pull together

When up jumped a herring, the Queen of the sea
Says “Now, old skipper, you cannot catch me”

(Chorus)

We sighted a Thresher-a-slashin’ his tail
“Time now Old Skipper to hoist up your sail”

(Chorus)

And up jumps a Slipsole as strong as a horse
Says now, “Old Skipper, you’re miles off course”

(Chorus)

Then along comes a plaice, who’s got spots on his side
Says “Not much longer, these seas you can ride”

(Chorus)

Then up rears a conger, as long as a mile
“Wind’s coming east’ly” he says with a smile

(Chorus)

I think what that these fishes are sayin’ is right
We’ll haul up our gear now an’ steer for the light

(Chorus)

War Letters

By

My Faithful Acolytes

By

François Mackandal

1738

Antó,

I reject your offer of help. I have recruited my own Brotherhood, liberated from plantations. My faithful acolytes are all I need. They are willing to die for our cause.

I reject your calls for peace. There will be no peace while the French continue to spread across Saint-Domingue like a plague. What would you know of peace, raised by such a soft Mentor as Ah Tabai? If I found a Precursor relic, I would not destroy it! I would use it as early and as often as possible.

My knowledge of the Brotherhood comes from its source. “Laa shay’a waqi’un moutlaq bale kouloun mounkine.” I understand these words in a way you never will. My Creed is pure, undiluted by centuries of weakness and compromise.

If your so-called Assassins oppose me, they may possibly die. If your so-called Maroons join me, they will surely die. All things end in death. It may as well be French deaths.

François Mackandal

Port-au-Prince

Lawrence of America

By

Reginald Birch

1738

Master Washington,

Three years ago I obtained a journal from Edward Kenway. Inspired by his discovery of the Observatory, he dedicated many years of his life to seeking out other First Civilization sites.

He found several vaults in Italy, of which we are already aware. There was a hollowed-out temple in Alamut. But the most interesting parts of the journal were his suspicions that something was hidden in the New World, a location so grand that it would make the Observatory seem like a latrine.

I want this grand temple. I have set it as my Order's highest priority and I am using every asset at my disposal. I am reaching out to Rites across the world. Whatever it contains, be it technology or knowledge, I will use to usher in a new age of peace.

As a Master Templar, you have learned your lessons well, and have earned this opportunity. You are my eyes and ears in the New World now. Do not fail me, Lawrence.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Reginald Birch

The First Colonial Assassin

By

Achilles

1740

Mentor,

I have arrived in the British Colonies to the North. While it saddens me to know that I will never see you again, nor benefit from your wise counsel, I look forward to the challenge of creating a Brotherhood here that will rival the one you created in Tulum.

However, I have encountered the unexpected: I am not the first Assassin to walk these lands. I have met a man called John de la Tour, from a powerful and established family in Acadia, to the North. He claims to be receiving instructions from the Assassin Council in France.

De la Tour is attempting to build a network of information, with the intention of more easily identifying any potential threats to the Colonies. He has a theory that the New World likely contains Precursor sites and artefacts. And while I suppose the Templars will eventually arrive here to siphon off a share of the natural resources, should a remnant of Those Who Came Before reveal itself, then they would descend upon the Colonies like thunder. John intends to discover them first while building a Brotherhood to protect them.

John de la Tour is brash, he draws attention to himself, and for a time, I thought he would surely compromise the Brotherhood. But I was wrong. He misdirects with charm, he hides in plain sight behind a smile. The people know that he is rich and that he is dangerous, but they never get a moment to question why. Still, he is unbelievably arrogant. I like him, but I do not trust him. I wonder if we will be able to work together.

Your disciple,

Achilles

Norfolk, Virginia.

The Manila Galleons

By

John Harrison

1742

Grand Master,

I was unable to find any Precursor sites in the Orient. However, I believe I may have picked up the trail of an artefact thought lost for centuries. The Assassin known as Shao Jun possessed a type of Precursor box, rumoured to contain a strange power. The box remained in China for about a hundred years after her death. I believe that the Assassins secreted the artefact out of China via the Manila Galleons bound for Acapulco.

It will probably be found in the West Indies somewhere. That will be a difficult part of the world for us to infiltrate, as it has been firmly under the control of the Assassins since the murder of Grand Master Torres.

Perhaps if we were to provoke the rivalry between the many European empires, we could search for it under the cover of war?

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

John Harrison

Manila

The Omani Arabs

By

Lourenço de Noronha

1743

Master Harrison,

With Portugal choosing to trade with India and the Far East, we are increasingly at the mercy of the Omani Arabs. Soon we will be forced to retreat south.

While I agree with you and your Grand Master that there may be untold numbers of Precursor relics waiting for us in the heart of Africa, you will not gain access to them through here.

If you and your Rite are unable to help us, then kindly leave us to our business.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Lourenço de Noronha

Mozambique

Death of the Executioner

By

Achilles

1744

Mentor,

I have followed John de la Tour to his homeland in the North. The weather does not agree with me, as I am too used to the climate of the West Indies. But I will not let this arrogant bastard know how much I suffer.

We arrived in Quebec to find Mathieu Léveillé, a slave from Martinique who was purchased by the French government to serve as executioner. He was said to possess certain knowledge of the First Civilization. But we were too late. The cold weather took its toll on the poor man and he died from an illness last September.

But all was not lost. To cure Léveillé's depression, the government procured him a wife from the West Indies. As the marriage could no longer take place, she was put up for sale. John de la Tour, acting on instinct, bought her. And he was right. Though she was scarcely allowed to be in her intended's presence due to the fear of infection, the executioner gave her his most trusted secrets and she promised to keep them safe.

I asked for her name. She told me that she had just been baptized Angélique-Denise, and before that, she had another name given to her by another master. I told her that, as she no longer had a master, her freedom would begin by choosing a name for herself. She laughed – she has the most delightful laugh! – then she told me that her name was Abigail.

I have changed my mind about John de la Tour.

Your disciple,

Achilles

Quebec

The Siege of Louisbourg

By
Achilles

1745,

Mentor,

I am sorry to hear of your failing health. I only hope that this letter reaches you in time.

We arrived at Louisbourg in search of a safe house belonging to Nicolas Court, distantly related to Antoine Court, the religious leader of the Huguenots. Nicolas is a Hermeticist studying the mythology of the indigenous peoples of the New World. De la Tour believed that he had information leading to Precursor sites.

Abigail and I travelled with him, posing as slaves. The subterfuge made my blood boil, but it made de la Tour appear phenomenally wealthy, which opened up many doors that would otherwise have needed to be forced open by more violent means. Abigail soothed my temper and we spoke often about the strange journeys our lives had taken up until that point.

We were running out of time. The wars in Europe have spilled over into the New World, and English troops descended on Louisbourg. John and I attempted to reach out to the French government, but they chose not to augment Louisbourg's defences, as they realized they could reclaim their losses in treaty negotiations. Efficiency measured in human lives. John and I did what we could to prepare, while Abigail searched the city for the safe house.

Finally, time ran out. John presented me with his Assassin robes. He said that the Templars would surely be on their way, if they were not already in the New World, and the time to establish a Brotherhood was now. He shook my hand, called me "Mentor" and then left the fortress to attack the invading British troops alone to buy me time to complete our mission.

Abigail found the safe house. It was empty, as though Nicolas Court knew we were coming.

The only thing left was a note saying “SEEK OUT THE SKY WOMAN”.

I must leave Acadia. The Sky Woman is a myth of the Iroquois, and Abigail and I will flee to New York, and I will, at last, begin to build my Brotherhood.

I hope your remaining days are comfortable and free of pain, Ah Tabai. Thank you for everything you have given me. I will never forget you.

Your disciple,

Achilles

Louisbourg

The Scientist

By

Reginald Birch

1746

Dear Señor Ulloa,

I understand that you are a man of science who became a prisoner of His Majesty while returning to Spain from Ecuador. What an unfortunate coincidence that you were captured on your long journey. Allow me to apologize on behalf of my country for holding your prisoner.

While I am a simple man of real estate and finance, I do so appreciate the bold leaps men like you make on behalf of civilized men everywhere.

I represent an Order that is keenly interested in scientific advancement. It is present in every nation of the world, and I suspect that you may have already met its members, though they never revealed their allegiance.

I would like to use my influence to introduce you to the Royal Academy in London. There are certain antiquities scattered throughout the globe that I wish to locate and acquire, and I believe you will be able to help me.

Yours in friendship,

Reginald Birch

London

All Over the World

By

Achilles

1746

Brothers and Sisters,

I am writing to inform you that a new Brotherhood is being created in the New World. Already I have allies amongst English colonists, French colonists, and the indigenous people of the area.

I have sent similar letters of friendship across the known world. For I believe that we are growing ever more connected, day by day. If my Brotherhood is to succeed, we will need allies from all empires, of all genders, of all races, who believe in the same thing: The Creed.

I hope I can count you among them.

Yours,

Achilles

Dead End

By

Duarte Jorge Correia Pinto

1746

Master Harrison,

I do not know what your sources are, but after conducting a thorough search of Lisbon and the surrounding area, I have found no trace of a Precursor site. I believe that your intelligence has failed you.

If there is nothing else, I must return to my duties. As the nations around us continue to bicker, trade has increased. There are other more pressing matters to attend to.

I am sorry I could not serve you in this matter.

Duarte Jorge Correia Pinto

Santa Maria de Belem

Front Company

By

Lawrence Washington

1746

Master Gist,

We are basically just sending letters out filled with secret plans and praying they arrive safely. We need a front company, or a series of companies, to double as a communications network.

Master Johnson in New York has recently been appointed as the Colonel of the Warriors of the Six Nations. Not only is he well-established, but his relationship with the Mohawk may well benefit us in the future. I suggest we begin friendly overtures immediately.

In the meantime, I plan on influencing my in-laws to create a trading company a little closer to home.

May the Father of Understanding guide us.

Lawrence Washington

Virginia

The Fiend Nadir Shah

By

Salah Bey

1747

Achilles,

Nadir Shah is dead by my own hand, though the fiend managed to kill two of

my Brothers. However, through devious trickery, the Koh-i-Noor Diamond has fallen into the possession of Ahmed Shah, an Afghan chief. I must pursue him immediately if we hope to claim the Piece of Eden for ourselves.

Although my heart is glad to know I have allies across the world, I regret that I cannot take the time to know you and your cause better.

Be well,

Salah Bey

Quchan

The Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom

By

Lieutenant Colonel Edward Braddock

1747

Grand Master,

I thought you might like to know that I found your stray dog. Haytham has been asking questions as to what happened to that gormless father of his.

Do not fret, though, the brat still does not suspect a thing. But I had to kill that pointy-eared lout to mask your involvement.

I wonder if you even care. You have Edward Kenway's journal and all of his fantastical "secrets" about the people who lived before people. Nonsense.

When I met you, you were a man of honour, of discipline, of principle. You were the embodiment of everything that made our Order great. And now look at you. A sad old man obsessed with fairy stories. More interested in

gobbledygook than peace.

So if you do not mind, Grand Master, I will leave you to your books, and return to delivering peace to mankind wherever I can. I warn you, if I see an opportunity to deal with Haytham Kenway, then I will take it. If it were up to me, we would have killed him alongside his father.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Lieutenant Colonel Edward Braddock

Bergen-op-Zoom

The Hospitaller's Plea

By

Manuel Pinto da Fonseca

1747

Grand Master Birch,

Let me implore you, one Grand Master to another, to lend me the aid of your agents or connections in government in my fight against the French and Ottoman Empires, and the Assassins that pull their strings.

Our rivalry with the Ottomans stretches back to the failed siege of the Assassin sympathizer Suleiman. Now they no longer attack openly, but seek to incite revolts among my Muslim slaves. And it is no great secret that the Assassin Council in Paris is using its government and military to oppose your tremendous progress in Great Britain.

Name your price, Master Birch, and I will pay it.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Manuel Pinto da Fonseca

Malta

Audition

By

Magdelaine Lévesque

1747

Mademoiselle Madeleine de l'Isle,

Your masterful handling of your father's business has not escaped our notice. Your elevation into the upper crust of New Orleans society has not escaped our notice. Your discovery of our Order hiding beneath the skin of the world has not escaped our notice.

You have our attention. We are well aware of your desire to join our ranks. Here then, is our offer.

We believe there is something of immense value beneath the ancient Mayan stones of the Yucatan peninsula. Our endeavour will require large quantities of raw materials, including a constant supply of disposable labour.

If your cunning can supply our needs, we will see to it that your power and influence is not limited to the paltry colony of your birth.

By receiving this letter, you have already agreed to our demands. Stand ready for further instructions.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Magdelaine Lévesque

The Swedish Levant Company

By

1748

Dear Achilles,

We have received word that King George II of England is offering to help finance the fleet of King Frederick I of Sweden, currently under construction in our shipyards. We suspect that King George's court may be influenced by our enemies.

We have been using the Swedish Levant Company as a cover since 1738. However, as a mercantile enterprise, it is not going very well. With the threat of Templar activity in the shipyards and our own limited resources, we regret that we cannot help you build a ship for your fledgling Brotherhood. May I suggest you contact the Assassin Council in France?

We are elated that you are establishing a Brotherhood in the New World and we regret not being able to do more to assist you.

Your Brothers in Stockholm

The Clerk

By

Charles Gabriel Sivert

1748

Monsieur d'Abbadie,

I imagine you have questions about how it is you are no longer a prisoner of the British Empire. As you are deeply stupid, let me explain it to you.

Officially, your release is a minor footnote in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Unofficially, I freed you. You are, at best, unremarkable, and at worst, irrelevant, not only to your country but to the history of the human race. Either way, you belong to me now.

I am something of a businessman, and I have need of someone unremarkable. You will soon be granted a position in the naval bureaucracy, and I will make use of what passes for your administrative skills. They certainly surpass your skills as a naval officer. To begin, you will be my eyes and ears. Small jobs for small pay. In time, you will speak with my voice, and your rewards will also get... louder.

I do not expect you to understand at present. All you need to know is this: you serve a noble purpose and a Grand Master.

Charles Gabriel Sivert, baron de l'Espérance

Paris

Mediterranean Defence

By

Gaspar Velasquez

1748

Señor Achilles,

Although we have begun preliminary designs for a ship for your Assassin

fleet, we will be unable to construct her here in Spain.

We are growing concerned over a growing British presence in the area. While on the surface it appears to be its rampant imperialism at play, we suspect its ultimate cause is the Templar Order. It seems their Grand Master is becoming increasingly obsessed with the legends of the Precursor race. We choose to focus on more worldly affairs, and in accordance with that we are working to appeal to the Spanish crown to prepare us for any conflicts that lay ahead.

I have sent our designs to the Assassin Council in France. I believe they are your best hope for an ally at the present time.

Respectfully,

Gaspar Velasquez

Cartagena, Spain

Art History

By

Johann Joachim Winckelmann

1748

Dear Master Johnson,

It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Grand Master Birch has made arrangements to connect me to Count Heinrich von Büнау and be appointed secretary of his magnificent library, containing some 40,000 volumes of exquisite knowledge. While on the surface, my task is to assist the Count with writing a book on the Holy Roman Empire, I will be penetrating said 40,000 volumes for anything which can help Grand

Master Birch locate any Precursor sites of power.

What a marvelous idea this First Civilization is! And what a bold vision Grand Master Birch has. I have long believed that the only way for us to become great is to emulate the ancients. However, when I first came up with that thought, I was referring to the Greeks and Romans. But if we could be like Those Who Came Before, there would surely be no stopping us. I wonder what kind of art the First Civilization created. Did they have music? What did they consider to be beautiful?

But now, to the point of my correspondence. Should you discover any tomes related to the history and mythology of the indigenous people that surround you, please send a copy to yours truly, so that I may add them to my research? How I wish I could publish a book about the Precursors. They are my new, albeit secret, obsession. I suppose I will have to settle for publishing books on human art.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Johann Joachim Winckelmann

Nöthnitz

Fit to Serve

By

Jan Van Ant

1748

Dear Achilles,

Thank you for the kind invitation to join your Brotherhood, but I must decline. I have recently married my sergeant's daughter and I am committed

to serving the Dutch Army.

Your admiration for my skills and devotion is appreciated. Your concern for my well-being is also appreciated, but unnecessary. I will not let the rules of society keep me from my duty. As someone who believes in freedom, I trust you will understand my decision.

I wish you good luck in your future endeavours.

Yours in friendship,

Jan Van Ant

Breda

The Kingdom of Mysore

By

John Harrison

1748

To William Johnson

The East India Company will soon face stiff resistance to its operations if the Kingdom of Mysore continues to rise in power.

As you and your company have fresh experience in pursuing both economic and Templar business in occupied lands, any insight you could give to our people here could prove useful.

The Assassins in this part of the world are like ghosts. We know they are here, but we can never find them. They have woven themselves into the very mythology of this place.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

John Harrison

Calcutta

Arranged Marriage

By

Madeleine de L'Isle

1748

Grand Master Birch,

My informants in Port-au-Prince tell me that Mackandal shares your interest in relics from the First Civilization. He collects them. There were whispers of something called “the Heart of the Brotherhood”, a fragment of a larger relic that was stolen by a slave woman named Jeanne, who had ties to members of his Brotherhood.

Jeanne was sold to a merchant last year, but as luck would have it, that merchant is Philippe-Olivier de Grandpré, who owns a rival business company here in New Orleans. If you can use your influence in the world of economics to dampen his financial prospects, I believe that I can secure a relationship through marriage and the promise of renewed stability in his business.

As always, I appreciate your faith in me.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Madeleine de L'Isle

New Orleans

The Ghost of the North

By

Nicolas de Saint-Prix

1749

Achilles,

The Assassin Council is pleased to inform you that the construction of your ship is complete. She was made by the finest shipbuilders in Brest. We have named her the Aquila, a constellation whose brightest star is named Altaïr.

She awaits you and your crew.

We wish you good fortune.

Nicolas de Saint-Prix

Paris

Ruinous Reinette

By

Magdelaine Lévesque

1749

Master Harrison,

We regret that you will not be able to attend our soirée. Madame de Pompadour wishes to see the sea, and King Louis XV has chosen our fair city to satisfy her. The visit will no doubt disrupt the finances of the city to a great degree, but that hardly concerns people like us, does it?

I trust your Grand Master Birch is well. Business between our two companies is going rather well. As per his request, we have begun to expand our colonial operations to include searches for Precursor elements. We have made contact with Madeleine de l'Isle in New Orleans.

We are also talking to our Spanish contemporaries, who are also quite active in the area. They suggest that while gaining access to the Yucatan peninsula via the West Indies is dangerous, an entry through the English colonies might be safer.

Please thank Grand Master Birch for his thoughtful gifts, and rest assured we will inform him if and when we make a discovery.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Magdeleine Lévesque

Le Havre

Monro

By

Reginald Birch

1750

Master Washington,

I am less than pleased with paltry results coming from the colonies. I have other agents around the globe searching tirelessly for Pieces of Eden and you and your motley crew are busy building a postal service.

What is more, I understand that an Assassin Brotherhood has taken root somewhere outside of New York. This simply will not do.

I am making arrangements to transfer one of my agents to the colonies. His name is George Monro. Although he is your better in every way, he will be your subordinate as you are the expert on that part of the world. However, he is there to solve your problems. Make good use of him.

Be ready for further instructions.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Reginald Birch

Troyes, France

The Stalwart

By

Robert Faulkner

1750

Master Achilles,

Your Aquila might be the most beautiful ship I have ever seen. Such a nimble thing, darting back and forth like a needle. It made my *Stalwart* look like a three-legged cow, but she is a three-legged cow that still floats thanks to your timely intervention.

You saved my salty skin, but what's more, you saved my most excellent crew. Should I make ten fortunes I could never repay you for that.

And so I will be very honoured indeed to help prepare a shipping route between the colonies and your people in Europe. I will even make the trips myself, should the opportunity present itself. Have your man Chevalier de la Vérendrye contact me when is ready, and we will get to work straight away.

One question remains. Are you always so serious? You are like an old man, you are.

Kind regards,

Robert Faulkner

Halifax

Cuban Salvage

By

Rafael Joaquin de Ferrer

1750

Dear Father,

I have arrived in Cuba. Since the loss of Grand Master Torres, the underworld of Havana has been in the grip of the mad Scot Assassin Rhona Dinsmore.

Dinsmore is old, but well protected. I fear there may be no Rite established here until her Brotherhood is eradicated. I fear the West Indies may be lost to us.

I will stay in Havana for a time. I will search for this Precursor box to the best of my abilities. I trust my work here will erase any debt our family owes to that wretched Birch.

Your loyal son,

Rafael Joaquin de Ferrer

Havana

A Thief in the Night

By

Rhona Dinsmore

1751

Dear Achilles,

Do you remember your Auntie Rhona? You were but a wee bairn when I last saw you. We would not even let you carry a real blade, but from all accounts you are making us proud up there in the North.

The reason I am writing to you after all this time is that I have gone and made a bit of a mess. You would think, being a Master Assassin in charge of Havana that I have neither the time nor the energy to carry on these dalliances with the stunning array of beautiful menfolk that wander through Havana. And yet, I feel that must take every opportunity to enjoy myself, because Lord knows I am not getting any younger. At the very least, you might think I would know better than to get caught in bed with a Templar. Again.

I'm not making you uncomfortable with all this randy blather, am I? You were always such a serious child. Anyway, the scoundrel's name is Rafael Joaquín de Ferrer. He has fled Havana with some of the items bequeathed to

me by Ah Tabai, ancient maps of the Yucatán Peninsula and some of my correspondence with other Assassins in the West Indies.

Things here are tenser than the knots in de Ferrer's muscular back. The Spanish, French, and British are all itching to control my lovely city. My lovely Assassins desperately want to chase after de Ferrer and murder him, but I need everyone to stay in Havana to keep the people safe from another boring conflict between Empires. I am as busy as I have ever been, but, it all feels so terribly bland. What happened to the grand adventures that saw us racing against the Templars for a powerful artefact that time forgot? Now it is just a territorial squabble between faraway regents. Maybe that is another reason why I let myself get fooled by that sinewy devil. He made me feel young again.

Being of a Spanish persuasion, if de Ferrer is not in Mexico, he will likely be in a colony close by, either Florida or perhaps even France's Louisiana. If you find him, be a good boy and give him a stab in the neck from your old auntie.

Rhona Dinsmore

Havana

Chichen Itza

By

Rafael Joaquin de Ferrer

1751

Grand Master,

Regretfully, I have not found any trace of the Precursor box. However, I believe I have stumbled upon something greater. A large Mayan city. It is my

humble opinion that we should begin an excavation immediately. I request permission to allocate large quantities of resources and manpower to Mexico.

Rafael Joaquin de Ferrer

Chichen Itza

First Mate

By

Robert Faulkner

1751

My dear Chevalier,

I am sorry to hear about your troubles with the captain of the *Aquila*. A ship like that deserves the best, and as such, I will not take her helm. I am unworthy of such a vessel. I would only bring her to ruin, and I would never forgive myself if anything were to happen to her.

I do feel able, however, to serve as first mate. I will look after that ship as if she were my own flesh and blood. I will make damn sure the crew treats her the same.

However, before I set foot aboard I have identified some obstacles closer to home. I believe that two powerful French shipping companies are Templar-owned. The Lévesque family of France and the De l'Isle family down in Louisiana. They are sending twice as many ships out to sea, but their profits do not seem to be increasing. What are those devils hiding?

We still have some work to do securing our operations here before I can justify leaving my life here behind and joining your cause completely.

Until then, I will do as much as I can to lend aid, for I have a feeling that dark days are ahead for you lot. I feel a storm coming on, and I am rarely wrong about the weather.

Kind regards

Robert Faulkner

St. John's

A Door of No Return

By

John Harrison

1751

Grand Master,

We must cease slavery operations from Gorée Island at once. We are too close to two major centres for the trade, Saint-Louis in Senegal and Gambia, to the south.

I realize the operation in Chichen Itza will be slow without manpower, but we risk discovery by our enemies if we continue. Already, exaggerated reports of Goree's slave trade begin to circulate. Surely you can find slaves closer to the site? The French or Spanish colonies in the West Indies are surely more feasible.

John Harrison

Goree Island

Warning

By

Miko

1751

Achilles,

Although I am very impressed with the growth of the Colonial Brotherhood, I feel a sense of dismay and creeping dread that you continue to ignore my warnings about the approach of the British Rite of the Templar Order.

Reginald Birch has been scouring the world for Precursor artefacts and we have intelligence that suggests he will soon turn his attention to the colonies. If, nay, when he does, he is sure to send his most dangerous agent, Master Haytham Kenway.

There may be Templars in the New World now. No doubt you have clashed with them already. But you have not encountered cunning or danger until you have faced a British Templar. I dread the day that I might face Kenway myself, and I implore you to heed my call for caution.

My next mission takes me to Corsica so I must prepare for my journey. I will contact you as soon as I possibly can.

Yours in Brotherhood,

Miko

London

Savannah

By

John Harrison

1751

Grand Master,

Florida under Alonso Fernández de Heredia looks to be running smoothly. Already he has established a naval stores industry, and the Spanish government is poised to populate the area. I would expect no less from the first Templar governor the area has seen since Laureano Torres, God rest his soul.

As instructed, he continues to send raids against British forces here in Georgia, to divert attention away from our operation. As slaves are sent to Florida, he transfers them to de Ferrer in Mexico. I recommend that we make Fernández the governor of Yucatan as soon as possible as de Ferrer's work site will soon need protection from prying eyes.

I further recommend that the Order leave Florida. Although the Assassins have not set foot in Florida for centuries, there is a new Brotherhood at work in the northern colonies, and Florida is too accessible. I recommend Louisiana as a new base of operations for the Chichen Itza excavation. The de l'Isle woman has proven herself ruthless and capable. I believe a promotion to Master Templar with the mandate to oversee the Chichen Itza operation would be a logical next step for her.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

John Harrison

Savannah, Georgia

Family Vacation

By
Lawrence Washington

1751

Master Gist,

Lady Luck was on my side, and I did not have to find an excuse to abandon my brother in the tropics. George caught a small case of smallpox, so I was able to slip away to Port-au-Prince while he recovered. I am relieved that he survived the illness, though it is likely he will have some scarring. He is a bright boy and I hope to spare his tender heart from the ugly truths of our most serious business.

Once in Haiti, I wasted no time in tracking down the Assassins. They are led by a one-armed Maroon leader named François Mackandal. A reckless tyrant if I ever have seen one. I tracked his man Vendredi to the entrance of a cave of some kind. My plan was to ambush him on his way out. But as I lay in wait, an earthquake struck. The Assassin came running out of the crevasse, but his legs were crushed under falling debris. I promised to free him if he told me where Mackandal was hiding. He did, and I slit his throat. I should have liked to explore the cave myself, but the entrance was obliterated.

The devastation provided an excellent cover for my approach on Mackandal's camp. I stole two Pieces of Eden in his possession: a strange Precursor box and a mysterious manuscript.

By the time you receive this, I will already be on my way back to Virginia. Prepare yourself. Our true work begins now. Upon my return, we'll be able to share the glad news with the Grand Master in London. Perhaps my leadership in the colonies will finally be recognized.

May the Father of Understanding guide you.

Lawrence Washington

Barbados

Family Reunion

By

Babatunde Josephe

1751

Hello, father,

The situation in Port-au-Prince remains grim. There is still no sign of Vendredi, and I begin to suspect, as you do, that Mackandal sent him away with a sinister purpose. I suspect that he is dead, but I do not think it was the earthquake that killed him.

Our contacts in the colonies to the north have revealed that Lawrence Washington has returned with the stolen artifacts in his possession. Your old friend Achilles is there. I suggest you seek him out.

I remain here, to do what I can, but Mackandal grows ever more unstable. I fear that by starting over, our deranged Mentor will be driven to committing a truly awful act. As promised, I will keep a watchful eye on him as best I can.

It is my hope that when your business in the colonies has concluded, you will return here. Help me reform our Brotherhood and make Saint-Domingue a home.

Please guide me to victory.

Babatunde Josephe

Port-au-Prince